The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1914.

Summary of the News

The past week may almost be said to have been a peaceful one in that there have been few rumors of imminent participation in the war by those countries of Europe not already engaged. Italy holds tenaciously to her neutrality, and is occupied with the trouble in her Tripolitan possessions to which we alluded last week. On November 14 it was announced that the Council of Ministers had appropriated $80,000,000 for new military expenses. The measure authorizing this appropriation will shortly be submitted to the Italian Parliament for ratification.

From none of the Balkan states not already engaged has there come evidence of any immediate intention of entering the struggle, even Greece, which it was confidently expected would embrace the opportunity of again attacking Turkey, having so far remained quiescent. The intention of Bulgaria to preserve neutrality was, according to dispatches to the London *Morning Post,* again emphasized last week by Premier Radoslavoff, when he received the leaders of the opposition in private audience and explained to them that Bulgaria enjoyed the sympathies of all the great Powers and did not intend to take part in the war on either side.

So far Turkey's participation in the war appears to have been productive of few results of material importance. The wildest rumors arrive via Berlin and the wireless station at Sayville, as, for instance, the intelligence that the Khedive of Egypt, who is at present in Constantinople, and, *nolens volens,* is likely to remain there, is himself about to lead the army of invasion into Egypt, and that the Ameer of Afghanistan has declared war on Russia and Great Britain. On the other hand, by way of Petrograd and London have come reports of dissension in the Turkish capital and of a revolt of the garrisons there and in Adrianople. The Sultan has issued a proclamation to the army and navy in which he accuses Great Britain, France, and Russia of having instigated the war upon Turkey and declares that "not only the fate of our own country but the fate of 300,000,000 Moslems depends on your victory."

Difficulties arising over the export of copper from the United States to European countries appear to have received a satisfactory settlement. Early last week the State Department gave out a paraphrase of the British note on the subject, which read: "A supply of copper sufficient for normal consumption in neutral countries will not be interfered with, provided that adequate guarantees are given that the copper will not be transshipped to enemy countries." Norway and Sweden have prohibited shipment of copper through their territories, and on Sunday an order was promulgated by the Italian Government forbidding the transshipment of any goods on the transportation of which from Italy a veto has been placed since the beginning of the war. Invoices made out to "bearer" and failing to specify any fixed destination will be interpreted as applying only to Italy, and goods so invoiced will not be allowed to be transshipped.

Pope Benedict XVI's first encyclical, urging peace among the warring peoples of Europe, was made public on Monday.

News of the revolt in South Africa led by Gen. Christian de Wet has been somewhat sparse. Unofficial reports on Tuesday stated that De Wet himself had been wounded and that his followers were much dejected, lacking arms and ammunition.

The twelve Federal Reserve banks of the country were formally opened for business on Monday. Elsewhere we comment upon the remarkable piece of legislation which is thus put into operation.

The Industrial Relations Commission will begin an investigation of the situation in the matter of the Colorado coal strike at Denver on December 1.

The question of race segregation in Governmental departments in Washington, of which we take note elsewhere, was brought up on Thursday of last week, when the President received a delegation representing the National Independence Equal Rights League.

The reopening of the Cotton Exchange in New York on Monday was unmarked by any announcement of failures or any "panicky" condition. Trading was quiet, and the fluctuations in the market were of a normal character. The Exchange was open for the first time since July 31 last.

The British Parliament was opened on November 11 by King George. The speech from the Throne dealt entirely with the war, and indicated that the business of the session would be confined to such legislation as might be necessary "to make due financial provision for the effective conduct of the war." On Monday, in moving for an additional vote of credit, Mr. Asquith stated that up to Saturday the war had cost between $4,500,000 and $5,000,000 a day over normal expenditures. The vote of credit, which was passed unanimously, was for £225,000,000, the greatest single sum ever voted by the House of Commons. This, with the addition of the £100,000,000 voted last August, represents a sum equal to an increase of more than 50 per cent. in the national debt. The present measure, Mr. Asquith stated, carried the provision for the war up to March 31. The measure providing for an additional army of 1,000,000 men was also adopted unanimously.

The measures taken against "alien enemies" residing in England have apparently not been quite so sweeping and drastic as had been supposed from the vast amount of agitation that attended the arrest of Austrian and German citizens by the police. Home Secretary McKenna announced in the House of Commons on Monday that 14,500 alien enemies of great Britain were at present interned in concentration camps in the British Isles, exclusive of prisoners of war and men removed from merchant ships of the enemy. Mr. McKenna added that there were about 29,000 alien enemies still at large in the country.

After a stormy week in Mexico the latest news, as we write, bears a somewhat more hopeful character, although in accepting this at its face value it is well to bear in mind that inspired dispatches from Washington have displayed in the past a tendency to hope for the best in the face of circumstances that may mildly be described as discouraging. In conformity with the ultimatum delivered to Gen. Carranza by the Conference at Aguascalientes, the First Chief was officially proclaimed a rebel on November 12, on which day Gen. Eulalio Gutierrez took the oath as Provisional President. On the following day it was reported that Gen. Villa had ordered an attack on Tampico and that the forces of Carranza and of the Convention were preparing for hostile operations all along the line.

All parties, however, appear to have thought better of their militant preparations, and on Saturday of last week it was announced that an agreement had been reached to suspend hostilities until November 20, when the Convention would meet again and either ratify or nullify the election of Gen. Gutierrez. Gen. Carranza's ambitions now appear to have limited themselves to the elimination of Villa, for, according to dispatches from Mexico City dated November 15, he made an offer to Gen. Gutierrez to turn over his military forces to Gen. Gonzalez and leave for Havana, arriving there not later than November 25, if Gen. Villa would turn over his command to Gen. Gutierrez and be at Havana on the same date. What was to happen when the two redoubtable champions met at Havana is not recorded, but on Monday, according to dispatches from Washington, Secretary of State Bryan felt sufficient confidence in the outcome of the situation to announce that Carranza had agreed to surrender control of Mexican affairs to Gutierrez and that peace had been reestablished.

That the Administration intends to wait, and watch the situation from a distance, was made clear by the announcement of the Secretary of State on November 13 that the American troops now occupying Vera Cruz would be withdrawn on November 23. Mr. Bryan declared that the assurances asked for by the United States had been furnished both by Gen. Carranza and by the Aguascalientes Convention. It was stated, however, in Washington on Tuesday that the United States would hold the several million dollars in customs collected at Vera Cruz until a stable government should be established in Mexico, President Wilson declaring that the money would be delivered to neither faction in Mexico under present conditions.

The deaths of the week include: Cecil Raleigh, Peter Moran, Lieut.-Col. Frederick T. Leigh, Brig.-Gen. William A. Jones, Novemzer 10; Sir Walter Gilbey, November 12; Gen. Geronimo Trevino, November 13; Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, November 14; Henry C. Clarke, Dr. Ewald Flügel, November 15; Mrs. Lloyd C. Griscom, November 16; Brig.-Gen. Charles FitzClarence (in France).

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The Week

The prompt voting of another million men for the British army ought to be accepted in Germany as a further pledge of English determination to see the war through to the bitter end. That it will be difficult to recruit this new army speedily, and that trained officers are wholly wanting, will be the German reply. But Germany herself is having to draw upon little-trained levies, and the mortality among her regular officers is enormous. Thus far, as even the Germans must admit, the response to the call of the Government has been remarkable, considering that Great Britain is not a military nation. According to the latest statements, she now has 1,400,000 men under arms, exclusive of Territorials and Indian troops, of whom, by the way, 23,000 more have just reached France. The newly authorized million of men, if raised, will thus give Kitchener 2,400,000 troops, plus the 600,000 Territorials who are doing useful service in Egypt, at Malta, and elsewhere, and some at the front. Latterly, recruiting in England seems to have been going on steadily, not so rapidly as the War Office has wished, but still rapidly as viewed from this distance. Indeed, there seems to be no further need for the recruiting speeches made at the beginning by the British Cabinet members.

Lord Roberts's sudden death, while visiting the firing line in France, is, in view of his great age, not a severe military loss to England. The sixth high British general to die from causes not incident to the war since its outbreak, his value in this national emergency was chiefly sentimental, as is evidenced by his mission in France, which was both to consult with Sir John French and to hearten the Indian troops he had so often led. He, like Lord Wolseley, his old comrade, was the typical Victorian soldier. Admirably celebrated in verse by Kipling, Lord Roberts was more popular than any of his distinguished brothers in arms, because of his readiness to expose himself, no matter how often wounded, and his interest in the enlisted men, with whom his popularity was never equalled. He was in many respects the ideal leader in warfare of the South African, or Indian, type, skilful, determined, with an obstinate refusal to believe that anything else than complete success could crown his arms. In the Boer War his experience and sound strategy, coupled with Kitchener's bulldog determination and aggressiveness, enabled him to turn the tide when England's prospects were black. Indeed, a history of Lord Roberts's life, together with that of Lord Wolseley, would be a complete military account of England from the Indian Mutiny down. A great soldier passed away when he laid down the sword forever.

The statement made by Mr. Jarvis E. Bell, a member of the American Commission for Relief in Belgium, who has just returned from that country, that the German authorities are doing their utmost to assist the Commission in its work, will be likely to quiet any apprehensions aroused by the recent report that the German military Governor had given notice that relief supplies would be stopped unless the population returned to work. What basis, if any, there was for that report, we cannot say; but presumably some kind of order or notice had been issued which had for its object the resumption of labor by as many as possible of the idle population. As reported, the order required an impossibility on the part of the Belgians, and argued on the part of the Germans a kind of cruelty which there was no reason to ascribe to them. One trouble, in all such cases, is that there are always to be found persons who are "more royalist than the king"—who rush to the defence of acts that may never have been committed, but which, if committed, are utterly indefensible and atrocious. A sample of this sort of thing is furnished by a letter that appeared in the New York *Sun*, in which an American who has "worked in Belgium quite a good deal" gave the Germans *carte blanche* for anything they might have done in this matter, on the ground that he "knows that if a Belgian workman can live without working he will not work."

The "Christmas ship," which sailed from New York on Saturday, laden with millions of gifts for children in the European war zone, will benefit others than the little people for whose happiness it is especially intended. It will do this, not simply because it carries such substantial presents as clothing, in addition to the toys that any real child would value far above merely useful things, but because no cheer reaches so wide a circumference as the cheer that is given to children. To do something to bring a smile to the faces of the boys and girls in the region where their elders are submerged under the horrors of war is to lift the war cloud for a moment from the minds of everybody. If there are any persons who feel like asking why this money should not have been more "prudently" spent, the answer will be given in the brightened countenances and the lighter voices of the millions who stand in need of nothing so much as the consciousness that good will among men has not wholly disappeared from the earth.

One reason why Bulgaria betrays an unwillingness to pull chestnuts out of the fire for Russia or Germany, or even to approach the fire in her own interest, is put in concrete form by M. Tsankoff, professor of political economy at the University of Sofia. According to his calculations in the *Minerva* of Rome, the recent Balkan struggles have cost Bulgaria:

War credits	$70,000,000
Requisitions	30,000,000
Budget deficit	10,000,000
Materials of war and of transportation	30,000,000
Various debts, as to the railways	36,000,000
Pension charges	80,000,000
Total	$256,000,000

To this must, of course, be added the immense damage wrought in the economic structure of the nation, which lost a large part of its laboring population—58,000 men between twenty and forty-five years of age, or 6.7 per cent. of the male workers. Eighty per cent. of these were heads of families; while in addition there are about 11,000 cripples incapable of labor, who, with their families, must be supported by the state. Professor Tsankoff believes that a loan of $100,000,000 is immediately required to put the nation on its feet. Such figures, by all accounts conservative enough, show the immense burden to be shouldered by four and a half million people, and are in some degree an index of what warring Western Europe may look forward to.

The statistics of exports and imports for October are not yet complete, but they have been estimated at $200,000,000 and $140,000,000 respectively, thus showing an export balance of $60,000,000; while in September exports exceeded imports by only $16,000,000, and in August there was a $20,000,000 excess of imports. In this aspect, the October showing points, of course, towards a more advantageous position as regards international obligations. As for the quantity of the exports, taken in itself, an increase in that is of significance as relating to the demand for American products. It cannot be said that, thus far, this increase has been very marked. Our August exports for this year, as compared with the average for the month in the four preceding years,

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fell short by about $48,000,000; in September and October (accepting the above-stated figure for the latter month) this shortage fell to $39,000,000 and $35,000,000 respectively. But it is quite certain that in particular directions the war has stimulated, and will for some time stimulate more and more, foreign demand for our products; and, however great may be the injury that we shall suffer, first and last, through the world-wide destruction wrought by the conflict, there are some important American interests that will gain immediate advantage; and their prosperity will do much to improve business conditions all round.

Bad manners are bound to hurt even a good cause, and the last place where disrespect is to be tolerated is the White House. If William Monroe Trotter was, as appears, insolent to Mr. Wilson last week, he has impaired his advocacy of the rights of the colored people and hurt them all as well. But Mr. Wilson, we feel, should make allowances, not perhaps for the hasty temper of a man whose passionate desire for justice for his race often leads him astray, but because of the genuine wrongs of which Mr. Trotter complains. It is a sad blot upon the Wilson Administration that it has tolerated, nay, drawn the color line, without real cause, save, as Mr. Trotter truthfully put it, the racial antipathies of Messrs. Burleson, John Skelton Williams, and McAdoo. For an Administration which talks about a New Freedom and boasts of having bestowed a new liberty upon business men, not only to be blind to the wrongs of full ten millions of American citizens, but to add to them is truly discouraging. Mr. Wilson can feel keenly for the governmental wrongs of the "submerged 85 per cent." of the people of Mexico, of whom so many are Indians and of a mixed parentage, but he has yet to say a really sympathetic word about the wrongs of the millions in the South who are without voice in their own government.

The difficulty lies, of course, in putting yourself in the other fellow's place, in having some appreciation of what it means to be the victim of prejudice and injustice, to be wronged without the power to remedy the wrong. That Mr. Wilson is unable to visualize this is, we repeat, the more disappointing because there are so many injured persons with whom he does sympathize so understandingly. His unusual vision and imagination leave him, however, when it comes to permitting his subordinates to inflict indignities upon American citizens in the immediate vicinity of the White House. If he could only have been one of the submerged 10 per cent. of our people in Washington for forty-eight hours he could never have palliated the wrong done, as he is reported to have done, by saying that segregation was enforced for the comfort and best interests of both races, in order to overcome friction. He would know then that it makes neither for the comfort nor for the best interests of the races, but invariably leads to added friction and creates deep and lasting unhappiness among the segregated. This problem has vexed him and caused him heartache more than once in his Administration, and it will not cease to plague him until he lays down the law that sets up equality of treatment of all employees in the Government service.

The Administration's purpose to withdraw the troops of the United States from Vera Cruz is now officially announced by Secretary Bryan. Assuming that that purpose will be carried out, the act will mark the close of a chapter in the story of President Wilson's dealings with a situation which presented, from the beginning, scant prospect of satisfactory handling, in whatsoever way it might be treated. That the actual treatment of it has not thus far led to an outcome which can be viewed with any approach to complacency is true enough. But there is abundant reason to believe that, however much more may at one time have been hoped for, the President has in point of fact come as near as possible to making the best of a bad job. Those who insist that the final victor in the Mexican struggle—whoever he may prove to be—will owe his ascendency to force, and will therefore be no more entitled to recognition than was Huerta, overlook a cardinal difference between the two cases. Huerta's power was attained through the sudden overthrow, by violence in which assassination played a leading part, of a government which had been in full possession of the country and in the enjoyment of international recognition; the case of a country in the throes of revolution and civil war, out of which order must emerge as best it can, is wholly different. Mr. Wilson appears determined to adhere to the policy of permitting the Mexicans to fight their own way out of their own troubles, if they cannot settle them by peaceful means; and in this determination we feel sure that he has the solid backing of public sentiment in this country.

The highly original views of Charles J. Bonaparte have at last furnished the Progressives a statement of their true lament —"If only Wilson had not been so unpopular!" That the Democratic strength should decline while adding no whit to that of the new party is a problem that admits of but one solution. "The voters were really eager to rap the President, so eager that they were willing to vote for Boies Penrose, and 'Uncle Joe' Cannon, and the nominees of Boss Barnes, in the belief that only thus could the 'rap' be practically inflicted." On this basis, the one hope of the Progressives for 1916 must be that our disgraceful Administration improves a bit. If it continues its course, the maddened voters will take vengeance upon it by deserting the Progressive standard to the last man. Just why it is that they turn to Republicanism and not Progressivism, and why they felt that their rebuke could be more "practically inflicted" by joining the party that polled eight electoral votes in 1912 rather than that which polled eighty-eight, Mr. Bonaparte does not fully explain. His one hint, as given in the *Maryland Progressive*, is that Col. Roosevelt was not on the ticket. There is every reason to suppose that his strength is undiminished; "it is plain, however, that this strength is largely personal to him, and cannot be transferred, in anything like its entirety, to any other candidate." This is not in complete accord with those who are protesting that the Progressive is not a "one-man" party.

President Wilson and Secretary Garrison continue to carry out their excellent policy of promoting army officers of merit. On Saturday there were announced the selections of Brig.-Gens. Frederick Funston, Hugh L. Scott, and Tasker H. Bliss for the one existing and the two coming vacancies among the major-generals; of Gen. Scott, as Chief of Staff, in succession to Gen. Wotherspoon, retired, and of Cols. Henry A. Greene, William A. Mann, of the infantry, and Col. Frederick S. Strong, of the Coast Artillery, to be brigadier-generals. These are all worthy officers whose fitness can hardly be questioned. Gen. Funston has not, of course, the standing of a regularly trained officer, but his service at Vera Cruz, with the fact that he has served thirteen years acceptably as brigadier-general, and has for years been the senior in rank in that grade, makes his advancement altogether justifiable. The army will, we believe, agree with us in asserting that it has had under no other President so square

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a deal in the matter of the distribution of high honors. Mr. Wilson's custom has been to promote those colonels who are recommended by a majority of the existing generals, and it would be hard to devise a fairer method. For one thing, it wholly eliminates political pressure. If Gen. Scott's rise to the position of Chief of Staff has been rapid, it is merited, for he has served long with troops and in the field, and has in addition acquired certain lore, about our Indians, for instance, which is unequalled by any other officer. Best of all is the fact that President Wilson absolutely refuses to countenance the promotion of any officers as generals who have not served acceptably as colonels.

The unfavorable report of the American Federation of Labor's travelling commission on municipal ownership in Europe coincides with the expression by the first Conference of American Mayors of a general spirit of caution in regard to the public management of utilities. The findings of the commission, that service, fares, and wages are alike unsatisfactory on European municipal lines, may be somewhat discounted on the ground of prepossessions. But more significance attaches to certain utterances at the Mayors' Conference, as being based on a feeling that many cities are not ready for such municipal responsibilities. Even Mayor Harrison, the leading advocate of municipal ownership, declared that a rigid civil service was a first requisite, and that "without it public ownership would be a public disaster." There were also men quick to point out the danger of the argument that with municipal operation "self-interest will induce each citizen to take a more active part in local government." This consensus of opinion that municipal ownership is still on trial is but another manifestation of the spirit of fairness which the conference between mayors and utility-men expressed. The hostility towards privately owned utilities, which would once have rushed to extremes, is gone; it is now recognized that the problem is one of fair regulation and the establishment of utilities investments on a stable basis.

Various explanations of improving business conditions have been offered, more or less sensible or plausible, but there has to be, of course, a political explanation. One is gravely advanced by several Republican newspapers. Republican successes in the election are what has made the change for the better. As soon as the people perceived that the Republican party was certain to come into power two years from now, they were determined to have prosperity right away. To be sure, the Republican party is to come back to power through the demonstration that prosperity is impossible under a Democratic tariff; but that tariff, having now been repudiated at the polls, is as if it did not exist, and so there is no reason why there should not be prosperity under it. After thus gracefully vaulting over an initial difficulty, the Republican logicians have to face another. There must be bad times and resulting discontent in 1916, or else the Republicans will not carry the Presidential election. But Republican victory in 1914 is already banishing dissatisfaction. So what will the party have to go upon? Ah, here comes in the nice distinction between real and apparent prosperity. If it occurs under a Republican tariff, we know that it is not only a case of direct cause and effect, but that the prosperity is the solid article. But if there are seemingly good times when a Democratic tariff ought in sound logic to be ruining all business, protectionists have only to turn back to Horace Greeley to learn that the thing to do is to call it "a factitious but seductive semblance of prosperity."

The reported alarm in Japan over the reëlection of Gov. Johnson and the return of a Progressive Legislature, on account of the anti-Japanese sentiment supposed to be behind them, can best be quieted by leading Japanese residents of California, who seem not to have any such fear. Thus, the Vice-Consul-General at San Francisco states his belief that there is nothing in the present legislative situation in California to cause the supposition that any attempt is to be made at the coming session of the Legislature to increase the stringency of the alien laws. This is in accord with the natural probabilities. California has only recently gone through a threshing out of the question, in which the attention of the whole country was directed towards Sacramento, and the President exerted himself on behalf of just dealing. She can hardly be longing for another crisis of the kind. Perhaps, as is suggested at Washington, the comment in the Japanese newspapers is rather due to a jingo spirit than to any new facts in the situation. The election of labor candidates to the California Legislature, pledged to oppose the alien ownership of land, is taken by the editor of a Japanese newspaper in San Francisco to mean nothing more than opposition to relaxing the existing laws on the subject. In a narrow sense, now is the psychological moment for the breaking out of international animosities; in reality, no time could more strongly urge the supreme duty of civilized nations to be considerate of one another.

The recurrent plaint of the far West against Federal conservation was expressed by Gov. Spry of Utah at the Governors' Conference with less than usual plausibility. Its ground is slightly shifted. Earlier, the contention was that the exaggerated caution of the Government retarded the proper and speedy development of Western resources; now it is that the sheer bulk of the Government reservations is a present grave impairment of the tax revenue of the State. "Utah," Gov. Spry states, "with an area of 54,000,000 acres, has but from ten to twelve millions in vested ownership, . . . and much of that is grazing land that yields but slight income. If our sources for revenue for local self-government were adequate to the increasing demands, or if our revenue were in excess of our needs, I grant that this national curtailment would not be so serious." And he follows this with a comparison with the older States, whose individual owners of land pay heavy taxes, while the Western Government reservations are unproductive. But as a matter of fact, the older States have virtually no sources of income which are denied the West by Washington. Western Government land may be made into private property through the various homestead and mineral land acts, and is being so made as fast as is salutary for the region. The permanent reservations from private ownership are the national forests and the water-power sites. Congress has enacted a "conservation programme" providing for the healthful development of the public domain in a manner approved by all students of the question; while the dangers of hasty exploitation and private monopoly are now generally recognized.

The review by the National Child Labor Committee of the ten years of its existence is a record of important progress. When the Committee was organized in 1904, thirteen States had a straight fourteen-year age limit, while in 1914 there are thirty-six such States. Factory inspection was likewise provided for in but thirteen States in 1904, and in thirty-four in 1914. In 1913 alone thirty-one States out of forty-two holding legislative sessions enacted laws on the subject. That the present generation will see child labor abolished by all the States is a conservative prediction, for its last strongholds in the South are fast giving way.

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INTERNATIONAL RIGHT.

English terminology, in matters affecting the law of nations, is at a certain disadvantage as compared with French or German. Our usage is to put forward the idea of "law." The others emphasize the conception of "right." Mr. Gladstone, it is true, used to speak of "the public right" of Europe, but the usual phraseology of English writers and publicists has the effect of giving prominence to the legal more than to the moral aspects of international law. There is a different kind of implication in the French "droit" and the German "Recht"; and it is an implication which the events of the European war have made to seem especially pertinent.

By chance, a recent German and a contemporary French discussion of the subject reach us at the same moment. Voices have been heard in Germany declaring that the old notions of international law have perished. As the *Frankfurter Zeitung* quotes them, they cry out *Es gab ja kein Völkerrecht!* But the Frankfort newspaper, true in this to its Liberal ideals, stoutly contests any such position. The law of nations may have been infringed by both sides in the war, it says, and may truly be affirmed to be passing through a crisis, but to deny its existence is "stark Nihilism." The *Frankfurter Zeitung* points out certain prescriptions of international law which have now passed into the consciousness of all civilized peoples, and which are to-day instinctively held to be inviolable even in the stress of national emergency or the shock of battle. And against the rash militarists and others in Germany who are declaiming about the need of recasting our entire conception of the law of nations, and to exalt national policy above international law, the *Frankfurter* strongly protests that "the idea of *Völkerrecht* is indestructible."

At the annual public meeting of the five Academies in Paris on October 26, a paper was read by M. Louis Renault, of the Institute, on "War and the Law of Nations." It was a very calm presentation. The lecturer made no heated references to the Germans. His aim was, rather, in a quiet and lucid way to recall to mind what had all along been the great animating purpose of those who had striven to improve and to codify the *Droit des Gens*. What they had mainly sought to do was to remove some of the ancient barbarities of war, and to restrict its scope and its area. Thus we have the rule that unfortified towns shall not be bombarded, that explosive bullets shall not be used, and so on. All the disputes still going on about the use of Dum-Dum bullets by the troops of one army or another show how real a thing the international law on that subject has become. But M. Renault was strongest and most impressive when he summed up the long efforts to protect neutral rights, and to set apart neutralized states as exempt from military operations. The motive was primarily humane. It was political only in the sense that the immunizing of certain areas, as outside the lawful theatre of war, might diminish the temptation of other countries to begin hostilities. M. Renault's allusions to the violation of Belgian neutrality are made without violence. He restates the treaty rights, and recalls the guarantees affirmed by the Hague Congress. One interesting passage he cites from the proceedings at The Hague, before the committee on the regulations affecting small states. An address was made by the eminent Belgian statesman, M. Beernaert, who said: "As regards Belgium, you know that her case is peculiar. Her neutrality is guaranteed by the great Powers, notably by our strong neighbors. *Thus we cannot be invaded.*" M. Renault's sole but sufficient comment is: "Our distinguished colleague still believed in the validity of treaties."

Their validity is certain to be restored. International right will be reasserted. No settlement of the war is thinkable which does not include a reaffirmation and a fresh and effective guaranteeing of the "droit" and the "Recht" which must control nations in the manner in which individuals are controlled by the laws. We are at present, no doubt, passing through a period of something like madness in all this affair. International law-breakers answer back to each other in various countries. Col. Roosevelt rails at treaties in the tone and almost in the language of a defiant German militarist. Take the letter which Gen. von Disfurth wrote to the Berlin *Tag*, as quoted by the *Journal des Débats*. "It is beneath our dignity," declared the doughty General, "to defend our troops against charges made either at home or abroad. We owe an explanation to no one. . . . We need pay no attention to the opinion of neutral countries. Whatever our soldiers do to injure the enemy, to win victory, is justified in advance. And if all the monuments, all the masterpieces of architecture, that stand between our guns and those of the enemy go to the devil, that does not matter to us in the least." We will not pursue the quotation. Such outcries may be heard now amid the clash of arms, but they will surely be stilled when the conflict is over, and when the nations find that all that they have done in war will be "assessed," in President Wilson's phrase, before international tribunals. We may be confident that they will in the future make an ever clearer response to the demands of the international conscience.

PRIVATE PROPERTY AT SEA.

The Emden's brilliant career as a commerce-destroyer is universally hailed as recalling the romance of sea-rover days, when men put to sea in ships and preyed for a year or two on whomsoever they met before returning to port. But dashing as the Emden's exploits were, they should not blind us to the fact that destruction of private property at sea is an anachronism. She accounted for some twenty-five ships, whose value is roughly estimated at $10,000,000, or about what the war costs England every two or three days. All told, the German cruisers cannot have destroyed more than sixty ships. That they have disarranged British commerce is true; they have in some cases, as, for instance, along the coast of Chili, compelled English merchantmen to stay in port, and have temporarily sent up the insurance rates. Yet when all is said and done, the cruisers have not in the slightest degree affected the final outcome of the war. They have merely injured private individuals—often the inhabitants of neutral states; as when the Karlsruhe sank the Van Dyck, the finest steamer in the trade between New York and South America, with invaluable exhibits for the San Francisco Exposition in her hold, which can never be replaced. In view of all the waste and destruction of the war, and the enormous losses sustained by the British by the mere fact of its existence, the destruction of merchant vessels seems merely an added cruelty.

Unquestionably, the Germans will contend that the injury they have done to the British pocket-nerve has been worth while, as well as the enhancement of their own naval prestige. On their side they are suffering frightful losses, it is true. Their flag is no longer on the seas. But this is far less due to the imperilling of their private property at sea than to the blockading of their harbors and the control of the North Sea. The supposed object of their great fleet was the protection of their commerce and their outlying ports. They have accomplished nothing in this respect. True, they have several navies massed against them; but even with England alone, or with Russia and France to contend with, it is doubtful if they could have done much if anything for their overseas com-

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merce. Yet the Germans are earnestly contending that, so far at least, the injury inflicted on their merchant fleet is far from deadly to the nation. They have lost, possibly, 200 ships. The rest are safe in their own or in neutral harbors, and will be ready to compete for the world's trade again the moment peace is declared, when the question will once more be whether, by superior efficiency or economies of management, they can meet and overcome British competition. Neutral ships can enter German ports if they carry non-contraband of war, providing those ports are not officially blockaded by English cruisers.

Now, it must not be forgotten that Germany has been one of the nations which persistently upheld the American contention, urged by the United States for the past seventy years, that private property at sea should be treated on the same basis as private property on land. We do not see why her experience in this war should alter her historic position. Even in England, there have been many notable men to favor the change; the sentiment in its favor was steadily growing up to the outbreak of the war. One of these Englishmen was the lawyer, Mr. R. T. Reid, who based his opposition to the English position on the ground that a change in existing conditions would chiefly benefit England. He foresaw, however, a protracted and indecisive naval campaign compelling English merchants to use neutral vessels and pay enormously high rates for their use. The actual event has not quite borne him out, it must frankly be admitted; but the principle remains sound. For instance, it is still true, as he contended, that if private property at sea were inviolable, "half or more than half" of the inducement to European nations to maintain costly navies of their own would disappear. "Coolly weighed," Mr. Reid wrote, "the interests of Great Britain will gain much from a change long and eagerly desired by the great majority of other Powers."

It is interesting to note that both Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey favored the ratification of the Declaration of London three years ago in the face of considerable popular outcry that this meant a blow at England's safety in war-time. That Declaration, a highly important addendum to the Declaration of Paris of 1856, brought the law of sea-warfare up to date, but did not, of course, fully accept the American contention as to the proper status of private property. What the London Conference did was, first, to make out a list of articles which should in no event ever be classified as contraband, these being chiefly raw materials, such as cotton, wool, flax, rubber, hides, etc. To these were added a number of manufactured articles, and then came the list of conditional contraband articles, that is, articles whose status depends upon their actual destination and use. It is owing to this list that the English have been declaring as contraband copper, petroleum, etc., which they had reason to believe were finding, or would eventually find, their way into the hands of the Germans for military use. Undoubtedly, the extreme British militarist party which opposed the confirmation of the Declaration of London will find some things in the present war situation with which to bolster up their contentions. The fact remains that steady progress has been made towards the position of the United States for the last century and a half, and that eventually it will become the law of nations, if maritime war is still to continue. From our point of view the careers of the Emden and Karlsruhe and Königsberg show the futility of efforts to destroy private property at sea. Certainly, they prove how little effect on the final outcome of a titanic struggle such raiding can have.

WHAT "KULTUR" REALLY MEANS.

An old story tells of an American naval officer who stumbled upon an uncharted island in the South Pacific. Ordered to send a brief account of the customs and manners of the inhabitants, he replied: "Manners none, customs beastly." Now, these people were deficient in *Kultur*. They were what the Germans call a *Naturvolk*, instead of a *Kulturvolk*, living in a state of nature instead of starting up the rungs of the ladder which we call social evolution. By this time the American public is pretty well aware that when the German people speak of *Kultur* they do not mean what we describe by "culture"; but what *Kultur* really means is still a subject of speculation. An approach to an exact definition was attempted the other day by Mr. F. J. Mather, jr., in a letter to the New York *Times*. *Kultur*, according to him, "means the organized efficiency of a nation in the broadest sense—its successful achievements in civil and military administration, industry, commerce, finance, and, in a quite secondary way, in scholarship, letters, and art."

This definition is but partially adequate, though it does get away from the abstract notion of "culture" and seeks the concrete things which enter into the conception of *Kultur*. But Mr. Mather is still concerned with such generalizations as efficiency, administration, commerce, finance. Nor is he able to rid himself of the ideas of administration, discipline, "regimentation," drill, which he puts to the forefront in the scheme of German *Kultur*. But the ordinary German citizen, and, for that matter, the extraordinary German professor, when he speaks of *Kultur*, refers to a complex of homely things, which we can approximate with fair truth in our own phrase, "the standard of living." Take, for instance, the following definition of *Kulturgeschichte:* that form of history which is concerned with "the social life of a people, racial characteristics, habits, food, shelter, hygiene, clothes, furniture, domestic utensils, morals and customs, legal conceptions, religious creeds, superstitions." Note the order of topics: material conditions first, political and spiritual conditions second. In *Kultur* the idea of the state is on the whole of less importance than the idea of soap.

We really have a number of very satisfactory translations for *Kultur*. "Civilization" is good; so is "progress." So is the phrase "social evolution." We are concerned less with *Kultur* in the abstract than with individual *Kulturs*. The Germans do not assert that they have *Kultur* and the Russians have none. They simply maintain that their *Kultur* is higher than the Russian, that the progress they have made to a fuller, cleaner life, to a completer mastery of tools and the forces of nature, to a solution of social and spiritual problems, is much more rapid than that of the Slav.

For a study of the idea of *Kultur*, the social conditions in the region where German and Slav dwell side by side are instructive. In East Prussia or Russian Poland, in any Hapsburg land where the German lives side by side with the Slav, the most prominent men in the professions, the most skilful artisans, the best gardeners and farmers, are German. The cleanest homes are the German; the best schools are the German schools. German efficiency in the development of the arts of orderly life is recognized by the very Slavs who deny the superiority of the Teuton race as a whole. In the Russian writers, in Tolstoy, in Dostoievsky, there is constant satire against the methodical, disciplined, effective German; qualities which the Slav acknowledges, while denying their ultimate value in the scheme of life.

It is in this sense that the Germans speak of their superior *Kultur* as against the Slav. They do not imply that the Teutonic race

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has produced greater novelists than Tolstoy or Turgenieff, but that it has, as a whole, attained the higher level of civilized, orderly existence. An example of *Kultur* is contained in the dispatch from across the Pacific which mentions the forests planted by the Germans on the bare hills around Tsing-tau as having served for a model to the Chinese. This talent for reducing nature to the uses of man by the application of labor and thought and discipline is *Kultur*. The development of discipline, both self-control and state control, to a higher pitch than elsewhere, has been accepted as synonymous with German *Kultur*, whereas it is only one of the elements in it. It may be that the German race has carried discipline of the state to an excess; from the Anglo-Saxon point of view, from the Slav point of view, it seems so. It may very well be that the material conquests made possible by discipline will not atone for more valuable spiritual qualities that do not flourish under a system of drill. But there can be no question that discipline counts, and the material progress of mankind enters very largely into the *Kultur* idea.

Where the defenders of German *Kultur* err is in implying that the possession of the highest *Kultur* is the predestined portion of the Teutonic race. They overlook the very argument which they advance in defence of their aspirations towards world-power, namely, that empires have risen and must fall, that there is no law of nature by which the British Empire must go on forever, or why it should not pass to make way for the Germanic world-empire. Then neither is there a reason why the Slav peoples should be condemned to a rural, clownish, unhygienic, and alcoholic existence. Their turn will come. If the Germans in the Slav lands are in control of the professions, of the arts and crafts, it is partly because they are the dominant race by conquest, partly because the German people had several hundred years the start of the Slavs in the development of a sturdy, industrious, disciplined, and cleanly *Bürgertum*.

Rightly understood, German *Kultur* is very much like the good old Anglo-Saxon virtues—industry, order, filial obedience—and a love of soap and water. The German *Hausfrau* is one of the great standard-bearers of German civilization. It would probably hurt Mr. Kipling to be told that he is a fervent believer in German *Kultur*. But the fact is that his attitude towards the subject races, his doctrine of East and West, his portrayal of the Englishman in India, is only an exaggeration of the German attitude towards the Slav. Mr. Kipling will not deny to the Hindu his ancient civilization, rich philosophy, literature, and art; but, in the last resort, the Englishman bathes and fights and subdues nature to the uses of man, whereas the native's customs tend to be "beastly" and lazy. In a milder form this is the Teuton's views of his own *Kultur* as against that of the Slav.

THE NEW BANKING ERA.

Americans have a not altogether happy way of ignoring a great event, when it comes, if it has been sufficiently "discounted" in advance. Something of this is observable in connection with the new system of Federal Reserve banks, effective on Monday last. When the project was under way in Congress, it was echoed round the country; but as soon as it was certain that it would become operative, public interest in it seemed to flag. And now that it begins, without wrench or jar, to function, people are too much inclined to say impatiently, "Oh, don't talk about that. There's nothing new in it. We knew all about it long ago." While this is perhaps natural, it is not commendable. It is a good thing for a democracy to use a few moments now and then to "consider our marcies," to trace the steps of the long struggle leading to the completion of a great work of peace, and out of it to take courage for the future.

The chief wonder about the new banking system of the United States is that it came as soon as it did, and that we were able to get one so good as we have. That some change of the kind was necessary in this country, the judicious had long urged. It is probable that no competent man has, during the past ten years, written or spoken on the subject of our national banking system without admitting that it suffered from perilous defects. The disease was confessed. But about the remedy the doctors differed. This was one of the great difficulties in the way of banking reform. There was no strong consensus of opinion as to what ought to be done, or what could be done. The single central bank was the ideal of banking experts, but it was declared, and it probably was, incapable of surmounting the political obstacles in the way. We know what a poor reception, on the whole, the recommendations of the Monetary Commission got from the general public, and that all its labors seemed in vain. They were not so, though at the moment it appeared futile to hope that they could be fruitful until after years had passed. Everything looked at loose ends. But that was exactly the time for a sagacious and resolute leader to come forward, ready to enter into the labor of others, quick to perceive that the seemingly hopeless confusion could be cleared up by rational adjustments, and bold to seize the occasion which good fortune placed before him.

That President Wilson did all this is now commonplace. No one really questions that but for his acuteness in divining the opportunity, and his drive and tenacity in taking advantage of it, we should still be handicapped by our outworn and clumsy National Bank Act. He has had ample recognition for his initiative and skill in the whole affair; and it is not necessary to pour on the praise. More to the point, just now, is the recalling of the very successful way in which, by discussion in the press, by the conferences of bankers with committees of Congress, and by the wisdom and tact with which the President led to the final decisions, most of the original defects of the Federal Reserve plan were removed, and a law passed which was both sane and workable. Perhaps the greatest achievement of all was that of procuring so many of the advantages of a central bank without the name. For various reasons, some of them sound in banking as well as in politics, the idea of a central bank had become a thing of dread in the United States. And it was no small feat to have obtained for our new banking system the larger part of the benefits of what in Europe is known as a central bank, while giving it here another and an unprovocative name. Political cleverness could hardly go further.

It is needless to dwell in detail upon what is to be hoped from the Federal Reserve banks. At a stroke they enable us to get rid of the unscientific and cumbrous and financially dangerous features of our national bank system—features which really made it at once an anachronism and a reproach to a shrewd commercial people. They render both credit and currency more flexible, more readily responsive to the actual needs of trade. By centralizing the banking reserve, the total percentage can safely be cut down, and large amounts of capital released for active employment. And there can be no doubt that the new system is vastly better fitted than the old to carry on the ordinary operations, as well as, by its provisions for emergency issues and for mobilizing reserves, to meet the impact of panic. It is true that we had not the Federal Reserve banks in August and September, when an acute financial crisis was thrust upon the

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country. This was met by the bankers of New York and other cities with a skill and courage deserving of the highest praise. They made their decisions and took their risks under the old system; but we are confident that they were upheld throughout by knowledge that the new and better system would soon be at their disposal. At all events, there can be no question that the Federal Reserve system will in the future save the country from any such disgraceful breakdown of our credit and currency system as that which afflicted us in 1907.

It is a great piece of constructive legislation of which we are this week marking the practical inauguration. This is an aspect of the matter which may well hearten us all as we look forward. If the establishment of the new banking system was not hopeless—though many voices cried out that it was hopeless—then the solution of no urgent national problem is hopeless. We can work our way to it by the same means that at last brought us to achieved banking reform. We can lay bare the facts. We can single out the evils. We can discuss and agitate and appeal and return to the charge again and again. Above all, we can retain undimmed our faith in the good sense and honesty and moral soundness of the American democracy, and be sure that when Americans are convinced of the rightfulness of some great reform, and the ripeness of the times for it, they will order its enactment with a fiat more compelling and majestic than that of the most powerful autocrat on earth.

SOCIAL ILLS AND MENTAL BALANCE.

To those who are working in the various special fields of social betterment, a word of sage counsel is addressed by the Rev. Charles F. Dole—himself a life-long promoter of philanthropic effort—in an article in the *Survey*, under the title of "Our Need of Perspective." That social workers need to be forever on their guard against taking a distorted view of the condition of society is the burden of his story. "We are given," he says, "the hospital side of life; we go to perpetual clinics; we hear the cries of pain from sufferers; we listen to all the varieties of complaint and fault-finding. We owe to our sympathies and our humanity the prompt willingness to see all this seamy side; we owe it to our sense of justice to listen to every complaint. But we ought to know that the atmosphere of complaints, of strikes, of vice commissions, of sweat-shop investigations, and so forth, cannot be borne too continuously, except by the hardiest constitutions." And he proceeds to point out, with a friendly sympathy that must disarm criticism, the many dangers of false perspective that beset the man or woman who constantly breathes this atmosphere, and whose life is dedicated to the work of bringing about the abolition, of one or another of the evils of human society. Brief as the paper is, it is packed with good sense and right feeling, and can hardly fail to be of real benefit to those to whom it is addressed.

The phenomenon with which Dr. Dole's remarks are concerned is not peculiar to workers in the field of philanthropic endeavor or social reform. It is accentuated in their case by the circumstance that the heart is so deeply involved, as well as the mind; but essentially the danger of error that besets the social worker is that which besets the specialist in any field. The sanitarian fixes his mind so constantly on the possible sources of preventable disease and death that he can hardly see in their true relation the benefits to be attained and the evils that may result from such regulation of human life as would be fatal to the idea of individual freedom and social variety. The efficiency engineer has so vivid a perception of the economies that might be effected by his system that he loses sight of limitations to its desirability which are obvious enough to the rest of the world. He whose thoughts constantly centre upon one object almost inevitably falls into the habit of ascribing to it a far larger place in the universe than that which it in reality occupies. Add to this natural propensity of every specialist the moral ardor and reformatory enthusiasm of the social worker, and the dangers of a distorted vision to which Dr. Dole calls attention are easily explained.

Is it to be desired, then, that the men and women who are spending their lives in alleviating the misery of the world, in working for social improvement and social reform, shall be less completely devoted to their work? Or is it to be wished that their moral ardor were less, that they went about their task in cold blood, with no indignation over wrong, no impatience with evil? Surely nothing of the kind would be advocated by any man of good sense, not to speak of right feeling. All that can be asked is that they endeavor, to the best of their ability, to bear in mind two things—that the part of life with which they are dealing is not the whole, and that zeal for the reform they have at heart is no excuse for carelessness or extravagance in the presentation of facts. It is difficult, indeed, to satisfy these requirements; and accordingly it is the exception, rather than the rule, that they *are* satisfied. And yet we feel convinced that the best, the most effective, work for social improvement is done by precisely those men and women who combine this quality of mental balance with the ardor and devotion that are indispensable to success. Many a cause has been discredited by the extravagant lengths to which its champions have gone in their advocacy of it, and by the obvious exaggeration of the statements made in its behalf. Apart from any other consideration, it ought to be remembered that to represent things as hopelessly bad is often far from being the best way of encouraging one to work for their betterment; to acknowledge the advances that have already been made is one of the most likely means of persuading people that it is worth while to work for further improvement.

There is one aspect, moreover, of this want of perspective which is of the gravest concern to society in its most fundamental interests. The effect of a one-sided view, of an exaggerated representation of evil, is not limited to its bearing on the particular matter at issue. Whether the effect of the interest aroused in some by the exaggeration is or is not balanced by the distrust excited in others may, in any given instance, be doubtful. But what is not doubtful is the influence exerted upon thousands of impressionable minds by constant feeding upon a diet of this kind. Give them the impression that the world is saturated through and through with evil and injustice; cause them to forget that whatever of good there is in it has been attained by slow and painful effort; lead them to imagine that nothing but the perversity and the selfishness and the wickedness of the prosperous stands in the way of the happiness of the poor; represent, in one instance after another, the shortcomings of society, and not the defects of the individual, as the cause of failure, and misery, and crime—do this day after day, and week after week, and the natural consequence is, in thousands of cases, not a determination to look to patient endeavor for the betterment of a state of things so desperately evil, but to welcome any change that promises to bring it to an end. If by a faithful presentation of the present condition and past history of the world one is led to this conclusion, well and good; but he who helps, however innocently, to mislead into it the young and the untrained, by impressing upon them a picture of the world that is false in color and untrue in proportions, makes himself responsible for most serious and far-reaching mischief.

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Chronicle of the War

The battle line in the West—from Nieuport to Dixmude, and thence to Ypres and southwards into France, through a point west of La Bassée to Noyon, where it turns eastwards along the Aisne to Verdun—has undergone no important modification. The capture of Dixmude by the Germans was admitted in French official dispatches on November 12, and the town has not, as we write, been retaken. The loss of Dixmude, however, under the conditions in which the campaign in Flanders is fought, is not of great importance, as is shown by the fact that the German troops have failed to turn their possession of the position to any substantial advantage.

This failure emphasizes the siege-like nature of the operations in Flanders and in France. The battleground is a network of tunnels and trenches. Important strategic positions, except where lines of communications are concerned, may almost be said to have ceased to exist. Had this battle been one of manœuvring in the open, the possession of Dixmude by the Germans would have called attention to the fact that a wedge had been driven into the Allied line and that the Belgian troops on the Yser were threatened with envelopment. As things are, the taking of a position which in open fighting would be of strategic importance merely means that the troops which have been driven out retire to other galleries in the labyrinth of trenches and rifle-pits, and that the attacking force is faced with another position of equal strength to the one that has just been taken. The advantage consists simply in the amount of ground gained, and that is measured, not in miles, but in yards and feet. To offset the German success at Dixmude, the Allies have regained the left bank of the Yser, on which the Germans had been able temporarily to establish themselves.

The confidence, then, which becomes increasingly noticeable both in the official dispatches from Paris and in the comments of French military critics, appears to be justified, and we can understand why the setback at Dixmude failed to disturb it. To say that the German line has been at a standstill since it dug itself in on the Aisne and extended northwards into Flanders, occupying Ostend, would be a slight exaggeration. It has advanced on the whole, but its advance has been so slow as to be almost imperceptible. We need not trace the advance in detail, but a comparison of the names that have appeared in the official French dispatches reveals the fact that in the last two months the German line facing west has crept forward, on an average, about six miles, while on the Aisne it has advanced possibly a mile. At this rate of progress, at the end of another six months the Kaiser might expect to be within sight of Dunkirk and Calais. With the prospect of heavy reinforcements from England in the early spring, and having in mind the conditions of success laid down by German experts themselves, of which the first was a lightning-like campaign, the French military experts can afford to view the situation with complacency.

Meanwhile the coming of winter and the heavy rains of the past few weeks have increased tenfold the difficulty of military operations. In the discomfort and misery incurred in water-logged trenches both armies will share alike, and disease will undoubtedly take a heavy toll of life on both sides, but the unfavorable weather conditions will hamper most seriously offensive operations. The heavy roads will impede motor transport, and the snail-like progress of the German line is likely, therefore, to become even slower as the winter advances. Gen. Joffre's strategy, as we have pointed out, is one of waiting; he assumes the offensive only for defensive purposes. Moreover, he has the advantage of a shorter line of communications. He can afford to wait for reinforcements and milder weather in the spring before assuming a general offensive. Only at one point is his line likely to be seriously threatened. As the weather hardens, the flooded area between Nieuport and Dixmude will become frozen over and passable. For this contingency we may presume that Gen. Joffre will provide by strong reinforcements.

Dispatches from Petrograd and Berlin serve to give us a fairly accurate idea of the extent to which the Russian advance has progressed. The reports, which we recorded last week, of the retirement of the German forces from the line Kalisz-Chenstochowo-Cracow have proved to be unfounded. The principal fighting during the past few days has taken place in Poland, centring in the neighborhood of Plock, on the Vistula. When we wrote last week outposts of Cossacks had actually crossed the border into Silesia at one or two points; in East Prussia Russian forces had established themselves at Goldap and Soldau. There the situation remains virtually unchanged. The Russian armies have occupied a strip of from ten to fifteen miles in width of the enemy's country. The Germans have dug themselves in, as they did on the Aisne, and for the past week the battle in this quarter has been at a deadlock.

Meanwhile the Russian advance threatened Silesia and the fortress of Thorn. To resist this advance troops were apparently detached from the German forces in East Prussia and rushed to Poland, where the Germans have again undertaken a vigorous offensive between the Vistula and the Warthe Rivers, and along the line Wlozlawsk-Rypin. According to official dispatches from Berlin on Tuesday the result of this plan has been completely successful, the Russians having been driven back in the direction of Plock with a loss of 23,000 prisoners and 20 machine guns. Petrograd, on the other hand, has nothing to say even of any "strategic retreat," but declares calmly that the battle is still proceeding. Certainly the capture of 23,000 prisoners would indicate a defeat on a fairly large scale, and the relatively small number of machine guns said to have been taken is totally disproportionate to the number of prisoners. Probably, then, we may divide the number of prisoners by ten, attribute the error to faulty transmission, and consider the battle still undecided. In Galicia the Russian offensive towards Cracow has continued. Tarnow, the furthest point of the previous Russian advance, has again been occupied, and the Austrian troops are reported as defending the eastern side of the Dunajec River.

The demonstration undertaken by Russia in Armenia is apparently having the desired effect of keeping employed a large portion of the effective army of Turkey. Petrograd on Sunday admitted a strategical retirement of the advance guard near Koprukeui, east of Erzerum, in Transcaucasia, and Constantinople proclaimed a victory of some importance and spoke of the Turks as "advancing on Batum." The connection between this success and an advance on Batum, which is on the Black Sea, 150 miles distant and on the other side of the Caucasian Mountains, is not at once apparent. The statement of the case as given out at Petrograd is probably the correct one. This was an engagement in which only the Russian advance guard took part, and finding itself outnumbered it retired on the main army. As we suggested two weeks ago would be the case, the Russian operations in Armenia are to be regarded not as a serious invasion, but as a demonstration to keep the Turkish forces busy. It is apparent that only Russia's Caucasian troops, which have not been reported as forming part of the main army in Poland and Galicia, are engaged. These consist of three army corps, with some divisions of cavalry and of Cossacks. One hundred and fifty thousand, then, would be a liberal estimate of the number of troops engaged in Armenia.

One of the most curious and baffling incidents of the war has been the report of the sinking by a mine of the British Dreadnought Audacious. The report reached this country by mail on Saturday of last week and seems to have received confirmation from eye-witnesses of the event. This mishap, according to these accounts, occurred on the morning of October 27, off the north coast of Ireland, and the news has been suppressed by the British censorship until revealed in letters sent by mail. The Audacious is said to have been struck by a mine, and, in response to wireless signals, the White Star steamship Olympic went to her assistance. The Olympic successfully rescued the officers and crew of the Dreadnought, only two lives being lost in the process, and after attempts to take her in tow had proved unsuccessful, the disabled vessel was sunk by orders of the British Admiralty. The Olympic put into Lough Swilly, where she was detained, incommunicada, for a week, and finally docked at Belfast, when her passengers were requested to preserve silence on what they had seen.

The truth of the story in its essential facts is apparently confirmed up to the hilt, and is neither denied nor affirmed by the British Press Bureau. Only the memory of the circumstantial accounts of the presence of Russian troops in England and at Antwerp inclines one to reserve judgment on the whole truth of this story. The concealment of the facts by the censorship is difficult to explain even by making the fullest allowance for official muddleheadedness, nor is it easy to conceive how the story has escaped being joyously recorded from Berlin. If Berlin failed to receive the news, then the German system of espionage must be far less efficient than anxious Britishers suppose. One explanation occurs, which would cover most of the facts as reported and at the same time would explain the taciturnity of the British censorship on other grounds than sheer pigheadedness. It is just possible that the disaster occurred pretty much as recorded, but that the Audacious was beached or sunk in shallow water, and that during the past three weeks salvage operations have been proceeding. The desire to keep these operations from the knowledge of the enemy would explain the strict censorship.

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Foreign Correspondence

WINSTON CHURCHILL AT THE ADMIRALTY — DARKENED LONDON — A NEW VOLUME OF THE LIFE OF DISRAELI.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, November 7.

Mr. Winston Churchill has long been familiar with the varying moods of the public that make either for popularity or the reverse. He had a great reception in the House of Commons when thirteen years ago he made his maiden speech. Mr. Balfour, the junior member of the Fourth Party his father led, was one of the most applausive listeners. When, later, Winston began to show hereditary disposition towards independence of thought and action, Mr. Balfour, at the time Prime Minister, habitually turned upon him the cold shoulder. This attitude, applauded by the rank and file of a party the impetuous young Member took no pains to propitiate, led to a memorable scene. Winston rising to take part in an important debate, the Ministerialists with one accord rose and noisily left the House.

Winston never forgot the concerted insult. It cost the party a big price. Within a year the young member for Oldham had crossed the floor of the House and joined the Liberal party. Since the removal from the scene of the commanding figure of Joseph Chamberlain, the front bench of the Unionist party in the Commons has not been so fully endowed with strength and capacity that it could afford to drive out of the camp so promising a recruit as Winston Churchill. To its subsequent exceeding sorrow it succeeded in doing so.

Up to a recent date the First Lord of the Admiralty has, since the war began, become one of the most popular members of the Ministry. The cleverly designed, admirably executed strategy whereby, under cover of a visit from the King, he had the fleet mobilized to be found cruising in the North Sea when war with Germany was declared, captured popular imagination. Since then his sleepless, vigorous administration has supplied every need of the fleet, anticipated every emergency. His dispatch of a naval force to succor the Belgians besieged at Antwerp was a well-conceived, far-sighted movement that might have saved the city. Though it had important effect upon the German campa at a critical moment, it failed in its full purpose. Whereupon arm-chair critics, ignoring the fact that the step was taken in conjunction with Lord Kitchener and with the approval of the Cabinet, turn and rend the First Lord of the Admiralty. It is true, the conspiracy was led by a Unionist morning paper still smarting under memory of the fact that Churchill, disgusted with Unionist tactics and policy, had gone over to the camp of the enemy. Such procedure was not contrary to usage. What lent the demonstration importance was the fact that an influential Liberal paper joined in the attack, plainly suggesting that the First Lord should be dismissed and Lord Fisher installed in his place.

This mischievous suggestion was made in ignorance of the circumstance, stated in this correspondence two months ago, that immediately on the outbreak of the war Lord Fisher gave up all his private engagements and repaired to London, where, as a member of the Imperial Defence Committee, upon whose deliberations he is in constant attendance, he gives the Board of the Admiralty the advantage of his unparalleled experience and genius for naval administration. His relations with the First Lord are based upon the foundation of genuine admiration of his capacity. Writing to me early in August announcing his arrival in London and the consequent postponement of a country visit in which I was concerned, the famous First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, to whom the nation is largely indebted for the supremacy of the navy at the present crisis, spoke in enthusiastic terms of Mr. Churchill's work at Whitehall. "I am in close touch with Winston," he wrote. "He has been splendid for three things: (1) the appointment to command of the fleet of Jellicoe, a comparatively young admiral; (2) mobilizing before war; (3) buying the two Turkish Dreadnoughts."

More stringent enforcement of the order regulating the lights o' London has plunged the metropolis into profounder gloom. Erstwhile brilliantly lighted thoroughfares east and west of Charing Cross are plunged in semi-darkness. Walking along Fleet Street or Piccadilly is like groping one's way through a catacomb, with here and there a tallow candle flickering on the walls. Not only are the lamps in motor omnibuses, which used to flash through the streets like streaks of lightning, turned down to lowest pitch, but when crossing the bridges they are extinguished. In normal times to drive across London Bridge in the evening, when the population of the City is making its way homewards, was a task requiring infinite skill and care on the part of the multitudinous drivers. To accomplish it in the dark, with two streams of miscellaneous vehicles, one going one way and the other in an opposite direction, is a feat that requires a cool head and a steady hand. Meanwhile, in West End thoroughfares the taxis, with their lamps lowered almost to extinguishing point, stand like hearses waiting for a fare.

Ten o'clock is now the closing hour all round, and there is the threat of prohibiting the reopening of public houses before ten o'clock in the morning. In the interests of temperance, and as contributing to the happiness of many homes, this is unquestionably an admirable arrangement which will, at least in measure, be maintained even after the war is over. At the beginning, it imposes some inconvenience on the public, and inflicts grievous loss upon publicans and brewers, who were just beginning to recover from the depression that has long hung low over the trade, owing less to legislation than the ruinous policy of "tied houses."

Mr. Murray informs me that a third volume of the Life of Disraeli is in the press. He proposes to publish it probably in the second week of November; failing that, it will certainly appear during the third. This is not an auspicious season for publishers, but the deathless interest attached to the personality and career of Disraeli is sure to command attention amid the clangor of war. This will be the first volume in which Mr. Buckle, long-time editor of the *Times*, carries on the work interrupted by the premature death of Mr. Monypenny, who wrote the first two volumes and prepared much material for those to follow. The period dealt with carries the story onward from 1846 to 1855, a comparatively brief period as almanacs reckon time, but critical in the history of Disraeli.

Espiomania

A PASSING INSANITY—THE PERIL OF A GERMAN PATRONYMIC.

The genesis of the present spy-mania is especially interesting because it is a unique example of the power of the cheap press in England. That there were and are many German and Austrian spies in London at and since the outbreak of war, is undeniable. But London got on very well for at least six weeks without worrying about them. It believed, correctly, that the Government and what is popularly called the "Secret Service" had the situation well in hand, and it was perfectly content, in the great-hearted tolerance of the race, to live at peace with the Germans and Austrians in its midst, alien enemies though they were, so long as they behaved decently. Then a strange thing happened.

There is in London a great newspaper which, by something of a miracle, is owned by a person of English name, and of which at least the majority of the staff are of British descent. Many of its rivals, including its deadliest rival, have owners, editors, or contributors less happily named in patriotic times like these. The great paper started—or, to be more exact, adopted—a little "spy-scare" already in existence, though still insignificant. With amazing headlines and a boiling eloquence it painted the dangers of the "enemy in our midst." Naturally enough, the rest, including the hated rival, followed suit, for such is the way of journalism in London. One and all protested, openly or by implication, that they were owned, directed, and staffed entirely by families which had been English since before the Conquest, and at once the hunt was up and woe upon the unhappy quarry!

There have been many recent estimates of the number of unnaturalized Germans and Austrians in England to-day, the average being, I suppose, 200,000. A very large proportion of these originally settled in the country to escape military service in their own, many of them half a century or so ago. They have remained unnaturalized, either from lack of means or lack of thought. Most of them have become as English as their children, more English than their neighbors. They were doomed to be the first victims of the spy-mania.

Had a Conservative Government been in power to-day there would probably have been no spy-scare at all. But as the Unionist press professes to have the monopoly not only of patriotism, but also of efficiency, its Liberal rivals were bound to emulate its new enthusiasm lest they be themselves accused of Teutonizing. And accordingly both sides took up the cry with a singular unanimity, thitherto unheard of. Not only were whole pages given up to the "alien danger," but great placards appeared upon the hoardings calling upon all good citizens to denounce to the police any person they suspected of espionage. Any one with a foreign name,

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these notices pointed out, was suspect; he *might*, of course, be an Englishman, but in any case he was dangerous, and to accuse him was the first duty of a good citizen.

In common with all great democratic communities, London—or its unthinking majority—is most easily swayed through its love of sentiment and of drama. The average man leads a life so inherently dull that anything out of the common rut appeals to him imperiously. And the spy-hunt appeal is essentially of the theatre. The average German baker is not at all a romantic figure. But invest him with the attributes of an emissary of the Kaiser, and he at once assumes romance. London thrilled deliciously at its great discovery—it had read of foreign spies in cheap books and cheaper serial stories, watched them on the stage in melodrama and in the picture theatres; here, it seemed, was the real thing brought, if not home, at least next door to it. London rose unanimously to the occasion—the upper middle classes as usual in the lead.

For a month past you have not been able to go out to dinner without meeting at least three fellow-guests who have an intimate knowledge of some German spy, living either next door or over the way. Almost invariably they have wireless installations on the roof and complete signalling apparatus in the garrets. Often they have been seen carrying parcels of bombs in broad daylight. The women-guests are, of course, the most enthusiastic, and serious quarrels take place over the relative infamy of their protégés. Incidentally, they spend much of their time at the local police station, handing in lists of suspects, much to the fatigue of the force. It is as much as your life is worth to hint that not every one with a German name is necessarily a public enemy. The *Daily Mail*, or the *Daily Express*, or the *Times*, or the *Globe* has said it, and it must be so.

From Kensington the outcry spread rapidly to Peckham and to Whitechapel. Not a German, not a Jew, not any breed of foreigner could hope to escape the suspicion of his neighbors. At first the public reprobation was good-natured. Unhappy Frenchmen and Italians were jeered at in the streets and told to go home and eat sausages, but no harm was done to them until the semi-criminal class which infests every big city saw its opportunity. A foreigner or two was mobbed, a window or two was broken; to Deptford in southeast London belongs the credit of having first looted a baker's shop. Remained others, even more attractive. The saloons offered obvious advantages to thirsty patriots; half a dozen, whose owners and managers had perfectly English names and no more connection with the Kaiser than has Lord Kitchener, were looted openly, and the harassed police were forced to interfere.

Meanwhile the wealthier classes had begun to see that there was something mildly ridiculous in being afraid of little German barbers in the back-blocks of Whitechapel, and, led by a faithful press, looked round for higher game. The headlines changed: for "Alien Enemy," you now read "Spies in High Places." And the game became trebly exciting, for none were too high to escape. The King, coming of a German family himself, was not altogether immune. Although I have never neard any one accuse him of betraying himself to the Kaiser, his cousins did not escape so easily. Prince Louis of Battenberg, First Lord of the Admiralty, and one of the best sailors England can boast of, was not only suspected; it was openly said that he had been shot in the Tower—and that at a time when every morning he was directing the councils of the Admiralty. Much the same was said of Lord Lowther, one of the most popular sporting peers in England, but known as a personal friend of the Kaiser. The brother of a popular duchess was another victim. Not only was he executed in the Tower—your story lost half its joy if a less romantic spot were selected—but it was to be given out within ten days that he was dead of sudden pneumonia. When the announcement tarried, it was because the Government wished to escape scandal. Cabinet Ministers, ordinary members of Parliament, members of the Royal Society, not a prominent man but was accused by rumor; if he had a name in any wise suggesting Teutonic sympathies he was at once consigned to the Tower and executed—or if not, it was only because the Home Secretary was a traitor or weakling, according to taste.

I may instance one of the best-known Irish members of Parliament as a victim of this sort of thing. He gave an audience lasting ten minutes to a young foreigner, professing to be an Italian—as he very probably was—who came with a letter of introduction, seeking employment. Next morning a plain-clothes policeman called on the Member to inform him that he was accused of consorting with German spies, and implying that he had better mend his manners or it would be the worse for him. The M.P. in question is one of the leaders of the Parliamentary recruiting campaign.

The police, much against their will, were brought in as auxiliaries. A well-known journalist whose flat was raided for incriminating evidence during his absence, called at Scotland Yard to protest. Scotland Yard was apologetic, but shrugged its shoulders. He had been denounced, anonymously, a dozen times over. It was necessary to look into the matter. It should not occur again; but at such times, it was better to grin and bear it. It would all be over and forgotten in a month. "We don't want to do it," said Scotland Yard, in effect. "But——" and it shrugged its shoulders again. In the meantime a telephone call would always bring police protection, if and when required.

The quaintest part of the whole outcry is that every one knows it is at once artificial and unnecessary. Your London public—the kindliest in the world—has not the slightest wish to damage harmless foreigners, were it not—as the boy found who flung stones into the frog-pond—so fascinating a sport. As to the really dangerous spies—of whom there are many—the authorities have shown themselves perfectly capable of dealing with them, as, for instance, in the case of the spy Lody.

In a month or so—especially when the public begins to realize that the war can have but one ending—the unhappy Londoners with German names may look forward to unharried lives again. It is safe to say, though, that the newly expressed prejudice has come to stay, and that those gentlemen —mostly of the Jewish community—who have taken the precaution of changing their Teuton-sounding names to Smith, Brown, or Robinson for business reasons, will earn the reward of their prescience in years to come. That is, after all, the worst aspect of such a war as the present—the crushing load of prejudice it must leave behind it. For it is not in England alone that "spy-mania" is rampant; England, indeed, is, despite everything, still the most lenient of the battling nations to the stranger within its gates. We had reached, or thought we had reached, a stage of progress where "foreigner" did not necessarily imply "suspect." That is all past and gone for many a generation.

JOHN WARDLE.

Book Notes and Byways

THE HUMORISTS OF THE PROVINCIAL PRESS.

News of the grave illness of Robert J. Burdette at Pasadena, Cal., will recall to the minds of the older generation of newspaper readers the little group of writers to which he belonged, whose fugitive work was at one period more widely quoted than the classics. The long line of American humorists, from Franklin's time to Mr. Dooley's, have had an important share in shaping our popular philosophy. Their activities have taken various forms. In the old times when nearly everybody who read at all read books, they chose that medium for reaching their fellow-countrymen, Artemus Ward and John Phœnix being among the last of this dynasty. The Civil War developed a new line of communication by the rise of the newspaper to a popularity it had never enjoyed before; and the metropolitan press blossomed with special articles, satirizing certain phases of government and politics, by Doesticks, Nasby, Orpheus C. Kerr, Josh Billings, and others of their school. Then came a small and select company of writers, of the quality of Bret Harte, John Hay, and Mark Twain, who, though starting in journalism, infused a charming strain of humor into real literature; and these were followed by the group in whose front rank stood Burdette —men whose humorous work gave to the provincial newspapers with which they were connected a stamp of distinct individuality. Among the lesser lights in this galaxy, but truly typical, was James M. Bailey, who edited the *News* at Danbury, Conn. His special gift was the quaint description of every-day experiences—the perversity of the stovepipe which the impatient householder is trying to put together; the eccentricities of the domestic hen, the pet dog, or the family carryall. He soon leaped into national and even international fame as the "Danbury News Man," and his little weekly drew subscriptions from Chicago, Denver, San Francisco, and London,

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and was sold on the street-stands of several large cities. A member of the same group was Charles B. Lewis, of the Detroit *Free Press*, whose imaginary police-court reports, pivoted on the sayings and doings of a functionary named "Bijah," made a market for his journal in quarters where till then it had been little known. Messrs. Knox and Sweet, each a humorist in his own right, united forces for the establishment of the *Texas Siftings*, which, after furnishing for some years a fertile resource for exchange-editors all over the United States, presently took its place on the news-stands and in the regular stock of the train-boys; and almost simultaneously grew up the vogue of Opie Read's *Arkansaw Traveler* and "Bill" Nye's Laramie *Boomerang*.

Robert J. Burdette, after having served an apprenticeship in worldly experience as a private in the Union army—where he "put down the Rebellion with a musket longer than himself"—and then as a postal clerk, drifted into journalism through the disappointment of his ambition to become a great historical painter. He always declared that he never set out to be "funny," but that, however solemn his thoughts, he could not resist the appeal of the comical side of almost everything that surrounded him, and the sportive pranks of his pen seemed to be independent of any intent on his part. His humor lay almost wholly in his forms of expression and in an unexpected collocation of ideas, the effect of which upon the reader was cumulative. In spite of this never-absent tendency, he was also capable of writing forcefully on serious topics, and for a long period, in conjunction with the late Frank Hatton, he made the Burlington *Hawkeye* a power in Iowa politics, and incidentally in those of the nation. Throughout his editorial career he bore in mind a maxim impressed upon him by his first preceptor in journalism: "It isn't knowing what to put into a paper that makes an editor; it's knowing what to keep out." He also escaped a tempting pitfall by sticking strictly to his editorial functions, and leaving the business management in charge of the counting-room—this bit of discretion being the fruit of one unhappy episode of his comparative youth, when he tried his hand at founding a local paper which, as he said, "the gods loved, though the advertisers didn't," and which carried down with its wreck the savings of several toilsome years.

He became so thoroughly identified with his work in Burlington that, in the minds of the outside public, his proper personality was merged into that of "the Hawkeye man." Meanwhile, there had swept over the country a wave of enthusiasm for the lyceum as a means of combined instruction and amusement, and Mrs. Burdette saw here a possible new opening for his talents. As he has told us, he "wrote a lecture about two hours long —'The Rise and Fall of the Moustache'—and went out and said it without hesitation, manuscript, or remorse." This experimental effort was so well received that his wife urged him to enter the lecture field regularly. He demurred somewhat, because of his diminutive stature—he was only five feet three inches in height and of slender build—and his lack of training as a speaker. He had, he reminded her, no voice, no presence, no gesture, his pronunciation was faulty and his grammar uncertain; but he yielded to her judgment, gulped down his impulse to stage-fright, and plunged in, with the result that for ten years a single lecture earned him a larger income than all his other work. It is characteristic of the man that he always apologized, and apparently felt a sincere regret, for having once turned his freaksome humor loose upon the life and character of so good a man as William Penn. He consoled himself, however, with the reflection that all through his life he had been sorry one day for something he had done the day before. "So constantly," said he, "am I doing penance, that I live in a state of chronic remorse and habitual hair-shirt."

It was after he had achieved a notable success on the platform that he was attracted to the East by an offer from the Brooklyn *Eagle*. About the same time he entered the ministry of the Baptist Church. Impaired health led him later to seek the climate of southern California, where, as pastor of the Temple congregation, he preached for six years to assemblages which, Sunday after Sunday, crowded the great auditorium of Los Angeles. In 1909 he retired from active charge of this parish, but remained its pastor emeritus.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

Poetry

KAISER AND COUNSELLOR.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO BERNHARDI'S "OUR NEXT WAR."

I.

Through what dark pass to what place in the sun
Dost thou, misguided Moses, lead this folk?
What rest remains when wayfaring is done?
What clearer skies beyond the cannon-smoke?
Say not he triumphs, though his trampling host,
That knows above his nation's lust no law,
From inland village to the fearful coast
Still treads the peaceful peoples red and raw.
Nay, pity him the banded friends abhor,
Who sees—the tragic fool and slave of state—
Behind him stretch the sterile wastes of war,
Before, a widening wilderness of hate,
While all the world lifts up one wrathful cry
To give this Prussian Machiavel the lie.

II.

White mouths that clamor for the unreaped wheat,
Frail hands that clasp the unresponsive dead,
Brave Belgian hearts, unconquered in defeat,
Dispeopled, exiled King: be comforted.
Though we close not the assaulted gates of sense
To shrieking towns, the gurgle of great ships
In drowning agonies, the fields immense
Horrid with shuddering limbs and writhen lips,
Yet since your woe has wrought this lift and swell
Of world-wide pity, love, and chivalry,
We say the awful sacrifice is well.
The old law holds; on this new Calvary
Humanity, uplifted, crucified,
Still draws all hearts unto its wounded side.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

Correspondence

GERMANY AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Recent Associated Press dispatches inform us that Germany pledges herself, in the event of victory, to respect the Monroe Doctrine. How droll and naïve! Will some of the apologists for Germany kindly inform us what guarantee Germany can give that she will keep her pledge? What confidence can be placed in a nation which openly avows the doctrine that her solemn pledges are a mere "scrap of paper" when she finds it inconvenient to stand by their provisions? When German professors and scientists like Haeckel and Eucken assert that German greatness has been built on faith and honor, for the sake of the argument we are willing to admit it as regards the past, but when they apply it to the present and the contingencies of the future they stultify themselves and insult the general intelligence of mankind. Might, power, terrorism, is the spirit which pervades the ruling class in Germany to-day; it is unblushingly proclaimed by her philosophers and historians, it has become the propaganda of university professors, and with patriotic fervor is accepted by the masses without question or murmur. Witness the following from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* discussing the probability of Portugal's taking an active part with the Allies: "The fate of Belgium, whose King and Government have had to flee their country, is a sample of what the nations which have allowed themselves to be deluded by England have to expect." An act which has done more to cause anti-German feeling in this country than any other she exults in. Is it any surprise that Germans fail to understand the sentiment in America?

We must at least give Germany credit for the frankness to which she proudly lays claim, but can hardly accept it as a full atonement for all the sins in the calendar. She calls the English hypocrites. Let us examine these respective virtues and vices, candor and hypocrisy. The latter has been described as the homage which vice pays to virtue. I would not be considered as a defender of this sort of homage, but after all, what constitutes the basis of hypocrisy? Is it not a sense of shame, some regard for the good opinion of one's neighbors? It at least implies a knowledge of good and evil and an acknowledgment of the superiority of the good. But what shall we say of the frankness which scorns all the moralities of modern civilization, commits the greatest crimes without shame and without remorse, upholds and defends them as the highest culture and finest product of the race and richly worth the price Europe is now paying for them? It is unquestionably a struggle between two antipodal ideals, and one of stupendous consequences to the future of the human race.

Let us consider for a moment the possible result of victory for the Allies on the one hand and Germany on the other. Who can doubt that the English sense of shame, their "decent respect to the opinions of mankind," their national characteristic of self-restraint, their hypocrisy, if you will, would temper their terms by some show of fairness and justice? For somehow the English have

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gained the reputation of being a just people. Stolid and stupid they may be, but they are able to appreciate the point of view of the other fellow. This accounts for their marvellous success in governing alien peoples, and no more striking proof of this was ever exhibited in the world than the present loyalty of Britain's colonies and dependencies. This demonstration of the solidarity of the Empire must seem to an Englishman as a partial compensation for the cost of the war. On the other hand, what could we expect from a victorious Germany dictating the terms of peace? Brazen-faced candor, no doubt, an unshakable disregard for the opinions of the rest of mankind, the fate of Belgium for all who oppose her, the most solemn pledges of faith and honor reduced to a "scrap of paper," the triumph of the doctrine of might and the divine right of kings, a veritable Saturnalia of "woe to the conquered" and all who stand in the way of her superior culture and new morality.

We cannot think this picture overdrawn; all the intellectual forces of Germany are defending these principles with the zeal of religious enthusiasts and would doubtless demand that they be carried out with the usual German thoroughness and ruthlessness. If Germany should succeed to the empire of England, something would probably happen like that which occurred after the Peloponnesian war. This was a triumph of militarism. Freedom and peace were proclaimed to all Greece by victorious Sparta amid the destruction of the walls of Athens to the music of flute-girls. But within ten years the Spartan empire had completely fallen away, Athenian slavery was found ten times more endurable than Spartan freedom resting on militarism. A similar fate would await a German world's empire, for I do not believe that one nation by brute force can impose its ideals for long on the rest of mankind without their consent. The task of destroying human reason and the moralities generally accepted since the dawn of history would prove too great even for Germany.

GLANVILLE TERRELL.

Lexington, Ky., October 27.

CARLYLE AND GERMANY OF THE PRESENT DAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In discussion inspired by the present European war, there has been frequent mention of Carlyle, and persons of German sympathies—like Mr. Maximus A. Lesser in your issue of October 15—seem to think they can cite him as an admirer of Prussian militarism; while others have declared his writings to be the source of Nietzsche's philosophy. Of course, there is an apparent basis of truth for these contentions, but it takes a very slight knowledge of Carlyle to show that the qualities he detected in Frederick the Great are not those guiding the policy of Germany to-day, and that nothing could be more opposed to his teaching that right is might than the Nietzschean theory that lust is power.

Carlyle is, perhaps, the most misunderstood of nineteenth-century writers. His mannerisms make him repellent to the conventional, his hyperboles bewilder the matter of fact, and the sustained character of his thought makes him laborious reading for a generation habituated to ideas only in homœopathic doses; but what more than anything else makes him misunderstood is lack of sympathy, for the standard he sets is so high that, as Emerson says, it accuses our way of living, and so we dislike and think ill of the man who shows us our shortcomings.

Carlyle's position on Frederick is, however, perfectly clear. He admired him because he had a sense of objective reality and was guided by it instead of by his prejudices or his vanity. To perceive facts and to be guided by them was Carlyle's conception of virtue; to see the world through a distorting lens of ignorance, prejudice, or vanity was his idea of vice. Frederick, cynic and materialist though he was, was not deluded by his egotism into overestimating himself or underestimating the forces against which he had to contend, but he saw his position clearly and faced it without illusions or false hopes.

Now, nobody can maintain that German militarism is without illusions or unwarranted hopes. If ever there was anything based on vanity and self-delusion, that thing is German militarism, and the way in which its prejudices have destroyed all vestige of objective thinking in what seems to be practically the entire German race, is one of the greatest wonders of the war. The German people may be exhibiting now the respect for authority and the patient thoroughness that Carlyle so much admired, but the possession of these minor virtues would not save it from his wrath for committing the major crime of being deluded by subjective hopes in defiance of fact and reason.

For Nietzsche's philosophy Carlyle's wrath would be still greater, although it is undoubtedly true that his own ideas may have been a stimulus to Nietzsche, who has transposed and materialized some of them. With Nietzsche, however, the ego is everything, and to pamper it is man's only success; with Carlyle our only hope lies in chastening and disciplining ourselves so that we shall not be deluded or destroyed by the insatiable demands of the ego in us. It would be strange, then, even to-day when anything odd or striking is likely to be maintained, to contend that Carlyle's hero, whose power is due to his recognition of the limitations of necessity on the personal will, is identical with Nietzsche's superman, whose strength is derived from the intensity of his appetite and the completeness with which he refuses to set any restraints upon it.

SIDNEY GUNN.

Cambridge, Mass, November 10.

ADVERTISING GERMANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Preserved Smith in your issue of November 5 states "that English firms are advertising everywhere that they will send 'Germany's infamous proposals' and other partisan literature to any address at nominal cost." I have not myself happened to see any such advertisements, but, curiously enough, in the very same mail with the *Nation* I received a package of reprints of newspaper articles each one of which was devoted to defending Germany and defaming the Allies. They were not sent by any one of my acquaintance, and from their appearance it was evident that they were specimens of large issues intended for widespread circulation. Probably Mr. Smith has not yet received one of these packages, but he may be interested to note that, although Germany's "campaign" in this country may be as "unobtrusive" as the system by which in time of peace she laid her gun foundations in the heart of a nation whose neutrality she had solemnly guaranteed, it is none the less a very vital fact.

KATHARINE DUNCAN MORSE.

Amherst, Mass., November 9.

COMMITTEE TO OPPOSE THE JUDICIAL RECALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your issue of October 22 contained a letter from me, dated October 10, wherein was criticised a certain passage in the distributed report of the "Committee to Oppose the Judicial Recall" of the American Bar Association, reflecting (as I ventured to indicate) unwisely and unkindly upon Chief Justice Walter Clark of North Carolina. I have now been informed by a member of the committee in question that the objectionable passage was modified before the report was formally submitted. Consequently and happily the language quoted in my former letter will not appear in the final "Report" of the thirty-seventh annual meeting of the Association. I trust the incident will teach some of my fellow members that "rights of the minority" ought to be respected in the American Bar Association, as well as in the nation at large.

TYRRELL WILLIAMS.

Washington University Law School, St. Louis, October 30.

PRESIDENTS AND CONGRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In looking over a table of the party divisions in Congress since the Civil War, I have noticed several things of interest in the light of the recent election.

It was recalled, no doubt, by many at the beginning of President Wilson's Administration that only twice previously since the war had the Democratic party obtained a clear majority in the Senate—once during the latter half of Hayes's Administration, and again during the first half of Cleveland's second Administration. It is to be noted now that President Wilson is the first Democratic President within the same period to have the support of both houses during his entire Administration.

It is true, as has been asserted, that the party in power has always (since 1869) had its majority in the House reduced in the off-year election. Only on three such occasions, however, has the slump been comparable to that suffered by the Democrats in the recent election: once in the latter half of Harrison's term, when a Republican majority of 7 was changed into a Democratic majority of 148; again in the latter half of Cleveland's second Administration, when the Democratic majority or 94 was turned into a Republican majority of 102; and a third time, when in the latter half of Taft's term the Republican majority of 47 was perforce exchanged for a Democratic majority of 66.

In each of these three cases the following Presidential election completed the victory of the opposition by presenting to it the Presidency and both houses of Congress.

Yet the present Administration may draw comfort from the fact that in the above three cases the waning party, before its débâcle, had in each instance lost its control of the House at the off election. Only on three occasions out of twenty-three elections since the

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Civil War has a party failed at a Presidential election after holding its control over Congress in the off year.

Of course, the most striking thing in all the figures is the fact that so many of us change our minds at election time in the off year. "Omnia mutantur nos et mutamur in illis." There seems to be a type of habitual floating voter, an arch-mugwump, who is always eager to take another chance in the odd year. "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure—for there's luck in odd numbers, says Rory O'More." R. W. K.

Haverford, Pa., November 8.

THE BID FOR SOUTH AMERICAN TRADE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the enthusiasm over our opportunity to get South American patronage relinquished by war-ridden Europe, it is perhaps not strange, after our half-century of high protection, that nothing is said of an inexorable factor.

This factor appears when it is noticed that our ability to deliver the goods needed by South America, and the absence now of anybody to compete with us, are really secondary to the other condition, namely: that however good and cheap may be our manufactures and the means of shipping them, and whatever may be the desire of South Americans to use them, these people nevertheless must first get the wherewithal to buy them by selling equal value in products of their own.

Has the sudden cessation of Europe's selling of the bulk of South American imports any more to do with the case than the sudden cessation of Europe's buying of the bulk of South American exports? It being unlikely that South Americans desire or would be permitted to run into debt, or that they will drain off their gold or pawn their watches in order to buy of us, can we hope to step in unopposed and add scores of millions to our sales, unless we take from them approximately equal value in our purchases?

As the Central West's immense market for New England manufactures could not exist without the wealth and enterprise of the many Western manufacturing cities with which New England must compete, no more could South America approach its recent value as a great trade field for us if the bulk of its buying and selling market disappeared in a blotting out of Europe. Under civilized trade, in order to live one's self, one must be willing to let live, and this with competitors scarcely less than with customers. The former may be as essential as the latter in that industrial growth which alone makes markets. Besides, in the war's waste of capital and injury to industry, can our sales to South America be increased in total half so much as our sales to Europe must soon be diminished?

It is well, though there is slight hint at a reason, that Government carriage of exports is discussed as temporary. Whatever the objections to our paying foreigners from one to two hundred millions a year for ocean carrying, we must buy of them either such service or something else, if they are to continue buying of us our two and a half billions of exports. It can hardly be desirable to increase for long our yearly half-billion "favorable" export balance, of whose stupendous aggregate for the last twelve years the amount collected in excess of gold brought in has been just two per cent. George L. Bolen.

Battle Creek, Mich., October 15.

Literature

FRANCE'S LITERARY LEADERS.

Les Maîtres de l'Heure (Second Series). By Victor Giraud. Paris: Hachette.

Those who do not despair of contemporary France, those who wish to believe that she is going through a movement of redintegration, should find support for their faith in the critical work of M. Giraud.

Quite consciously a writer of that "younger generation" which made its appearance about 1890, M. Giraud has revealed his intellectual bias and the range of his scholarship in a long series of substantial studies, including Horace, St. Augustine, Pascal, Bossuet, Chateaubriand, Taine, Sainte-Beuve, and Brunetière. He has brought his ideas to bear upon current literature in "Maîtres d'autrefois et d'aujourd'hui" and in the first series of "Maîtres de l'heure," in which he deals with Pierre Loti, Brunetière, Faguet, Vogüé, and Bourget. The volume before us treats of Jules Lemaître, Edouard Rod, and Anatole France; and concludes with a balance sheet for the literary generation of 1870.

M. Giraud represents that virile and wholehearted criticism which the stricter Hedonic sect assures us is not "literary." Primarily a critic of ideas, his judgment steadily cuts through the book into the life beneath the book. In his court, the æsthetic is only one of many vital questions. His procedure, which is sufficiently systematic, is somewhat as follows: he exposes, first, the origins of a talent in native temperament and external influences; he proceeds then, with careful attention to chronology and frequent recourse to fugitive and uncollected material, to follow the unfolding of that talent and to measure its power in the various *genres;* finally, he brings the results of his analysis together to form a fixed and distinct physiognomy, in which the religious, philosophical, political, moral, and æsthetic lineaments are strongly illuminated by the light of the critic's own convictions. From the individual authors he rises, in the last chapter of "Les Maîtres de l'heure," to a consideration of the total personality and character of the epoch; analyzes in similar fashion its origin and evolution; gives it sharp definition; compares it with other epochs, and judges it.

He is a great admirer of Brunetière, but he is also a great admirer of M. Lemaître; and, so far as his critical method is concerned, he is not distinctively the disciple of any one of his predecessors. He is intimately acquainted with them all, and has manifestly striven to absorb and unite the characteristic virtues of each. He follows Sainte-Beuve in his effort to seize the peculiar personal qualities of his subject. He imitates Bourget in presenting the individual author as a representative of the "psychology" of the epoch. Like Jules Lemaître and Anatole France, he gives free play to his emotion before a just thought finely turned or a page of exquisite prose; though he is not the slave of his sensibilities, he reveals his delight too frequently to allow any doubt that he has a literary palate. He seeks constantly to crystallize his impressions, as did Joubert, in a single suggestive and memorable sentence or phrase. He resembles Faguet and Brunetière in his recognition of the moral accountability of men of letters, and in the force with which he delivers the reasons for his tastes and opinions. It is by no means the purpose of these comparisons to convey the idea that M. Giraud is the perfect paragon of critics; they are intended only to suggest that he, unlike our chorus of indolent reviewers, has taken his profession with sufficient seriousness to become an accomplished master of its technique.

M. Giraud's leading ideas are brought into play in his survey of the *maîtres de l'heure.* In fact, they are all involved in his elevation of Jules Lemaître at the expense, so to speak, of Anatole France, to whom he assigns a position of isolation in contemporary France for substantially the reasons urged in M. G. Michaut's recent vigorous attack. M. France's style has its merits, but it lacks inevitability—the elegant *pastiche* of a man of talent; M. Lemaître has the freshness, the spontaneity, the winged grace of genius. M. France is in his sympathies hopelessly "eighteenth century"—a son of Voltaire, anointed by Renan; M. Lemaître can enter into the spirit of the great age of Louis XIV—a godson of Montaigne, refined by Racine. M. France is the derisive enemy of all religion; M. Lemaître has recognized the strength and splendor of Catholicism. M. France is a corrosive critic of all government, though latterly the demagogic mouthpiece of Socialism; M. Lemaître, though a political pessimist, has not been a jeering outsider or a dupe. M. France is at heart an inveterate voluptuary and a moral anarchist; M. Lemaître has shown himself steadily friendly to respectable Christian morals. "Here," will cry the æsthetic critic, "here are all sorts of extraneous matters *mixed up* with literature!" To which M. Giraud would reply: "Yes: the *ideas* of which literature is both the expression and the inspiration." As for the comparison of M. France with Jules Lemaître, there is in it doubtless something of over-emphasis, which at the present time may be entirely salutary. Certainly, the author of "Penguin Island" has long been courting and provoking a violent reaction against his *Weltanschauung* and his celebrity.

M. Giraud is a significant sign of that reaction. His own position is that of a well-informed and open-minded conservative in all things. In religion his sympathies are Catholic—shall we say, because Pascal, Bossuet, Joubert, Chateaubriand, and Brunetière were Catholics? or shall we say, because he is convinced that social reorganization must have a firm religious centre? In relation to science and philosophy he is discreetly positivistic, alert to the latest speculations of Boutroux and Bergson, and con-

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vinced of the existence of things which to science will be forever unknowable. In moral matters he speaks with the accent and temper of a Christian humanist: that is to say, with a severe and critical charity, informed with an adequate insight into human nature. Thus he singles out for praise Lemaître's detection of the intimate contradiction which lies at the bottom of the Socialist dream: "This enticing dream is at heart quite natural and quite earthly. It is a question of enjoying the earth, and of enjoying it to the utmost, by a minimum of effort and labor for each. But it is a question also of all enjoying it together equally, without aggression by the strong upon the weak. That assumes virtues of charity, temperance, and self-restraint, which have never had, hitherto, better support than religious beliefs. *In short, the fulfilment of this pagan dream would exact Christian virtues, virtues of which the essence is precisely to repudiate it.*" In politics, M. Giraud is a patriotic republican, lending to Socialism an attent ear but no voice. In literature he is a classicist, firmly grounded on the ancients and the Grand Siècle, but responsive to the legitimate charms of the Romanticists and intensely interested in the work of his contemporaries.

M. Giraud has himself the air of a man who has profitably gathered himself together and girt up his loins; and, if he interprets phenomena correctly, he is in harmony with the "new spirit" of France. After a period of general spiritual lassitude and loose expansion, she has now entered on a movement of concentration and purposeful energy, which will give the special character to the literature of the next epoch. The literary generation which came to the front in 1870 underwent two great formative influences: the Franco-Prussian War and the works of Renan and Taine. The scientific positivism of the period had latent in it both the epicureanism of Renan and the stoicism of Taine; but the new movement, the necessity of the hour, has been favorable to the sturdier sect, and has left M. France to dawdle in solitary splendor over the "feast of life." The progress of the scientific spirit, moreover, led logically to the destruction of the "religion of science," and made place for the restoration of the higher human values, for expectant skepticism, and for returning faith: "We no longer believe in science as did the Renans, the Berthelots, and the Taines. We do not make of it a 'religion'; we no longer admit that it responds to all our aspirations, and, as Pascal would have said, that it 'fulfils all our needs'; we no longer think that it is the sole generatrix of certitude; and we can no longer conceive it the unique type of knowledge and the unique rule of action. Please observe: we do not deny science; we do not declare it 'bankrupt'; we do not dispute its progress. . . . But we do think that there is a multitude of things, and of essential things, which elude its grasp: religion, morals, politics, even philosophy, and art in all its forms. All these things appear to us, to speak again in the manner of Pascal, decidedly of 'another order'; and on the threshold of each of them we should inscribe, reversing it, the motto of Plato: 'Let no one enter here who is only a geometrician.'" The political recuperation of France, beginning at the same point, has kept pace with, or even outstripped, her spiritual recovery. From the profound humiliation of the defeat in 1871 there have emerged and developed through the years a firm loyalty to the republic, a desire for solidarity within and dignity without her borders, an inspiring regret for her lost provinces, and a fresh love for the national past.

It should perhaps be added that M. Giraud's book was completed some months before the outbreak of the present war. In the light of recent events one reads with curiously augmented interest his explanation of the relationship between the Franco-Prussian War and the decline of the "religion of science." "The war," he says, "had come to prove by facts that science effects no great change in our poor human nature; and we could ask ourselves wherein this Germany—so proud of her science, so inadvisedly admired by us—would have treated us more harshly if she had been less learned."

CURRENT FICTION.

Father Ralph. By Gerald O'Donovan. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

On the paper wrapper of this novel the American publishers inform the reader that when it appeared in England a year or two ago it enjoyed an immense success there. What the reader would really have liked to hear about is the kind of reception it got in Ireland. The Irish priesthood and the general subject of the Roman Church in Ireland have had a good deal of attention from novelists in recent years, ranging from the gentle but acute treatment of the late Canon Sheehan to the lighter sympathetic handling of the Protestant Irish canon who writes as "G. A. Birmingham." Violent anti-clerical tracts in the form of fiction have not been lacking. The present writer offers neither an amiable commentary nor a hostile attack. This is an interesting story, and a serious study, by a deeply religious Irish Catholic, of the present condition of the Church in Ireland. It is not a cheerful study. Mr. O'Donovan takes as his central figure an Irish youth of the upper class, naturally religious, and impelled towards the priesthood from infancy by a fanatical mother. He enters a local seminary, goes thence to Maynooth, and takes orders in due course. This not without struggle, for he is disappointing his father—breaking his heart, as it turns out—and he is already half-disillusioned as to the character of the priestly class of which he is to become a member. The pictures of life at seminary and college are drawn with unsparing hand, and one hopes that there may be a touch of caricature about them. Squeers and Dotheboys Hall are hardly more grotesque than Father Tom and his Bunnahone. Nor is the famous college at Maynooth represented as anything better than a breeding-place of bigotry and insincere pedantry. But at Bunnahone and Maynooth one finds a figure or two, hopelessly discredited or in the minority, in whom the pure fire of the Catholic faith still burns.

So it is when Father Ralph takes up his curacy in the parish of Bunnahone. The community is crushed under the exactions of the priests and the grinding of the publicans and money-lenders with whom the priests are in league. The two priests in the neighborhood who are good men are powerless. These men represent two types of virtue. Father Duff is the ignorant but whole-souled and faithful minister of his people: "I never gave ten minutes to thinking about my soul in my whole life," he admits cheerfully. "And if the catechism didn't tell me I had one I wouldn't know it. But since it does tell me, I know it's there, and that's enough. I never knew any good come of worrying about it." Father Sheldon is his opposite, the sensitive, intellectual, spiritual type, Father Ralph's type, who has clung to the Church and must cling to it, in spite of his knowledge of its physical corruption and inefficiency. Father Ralph is not able to do this; all his attempts to infuse his priestly office with reality, and to make himself useful as a citizen, are frustrated by his superiors. We leave him defeated and unfrocked, but not destroyed; no longer a priest of the visible church, but exultantly free for wider experience and service. He has not lost his faith, but maintained and broadened it. Whatever degree of accuracy may belong to it as a picture of conditions, this is a book of extraordinary sincerity and force.

The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail. By Ralph Connor. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Long beloved of Canadian romancers, the Northwest Mounted Police here furnish hero and plot, and their post in upper Saskatchewan the setting. The story is the purest stuff of adventure and sentiment, with its Indian encounters, its reflection of the hardships of Scottish newcomers, its depiction of the free and wholesome emotions of pioneers and fighters. Riel's second rebellion, at the head of the half-breeds and Indians of the Northwest, furnishes an action well adapted to the spirit of the novel and to the exhibition of Mr. Gordon's special knowledge of the savage and the opposed soldiers and settlers. It at times approaches the tensity of an exaggerated school of Western fiction, as when Campbell, the young mounted policeman, who is its central figure, single-handed, wounded, and unarmed, vanquishes the chief Copperhead; there is at other times a tendency to make overmuch of the peculiar virtues of the men from Glen Garry and other glens. The ethical and religious teaching, overt or implied, with which the author was once wont to weight his fiction, is, how-

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ever, banished by open-air quality and variety of incident.

May Iverson's Career. By Elizabeth Jordan. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Those who have wondered what the experiences of a woman on a morning newspaper in New York must be will here find them set forth in idealized fashion. The story is at first a succession of reportorial episodes; but the young Catholic girl who is the heroine has the knack of insinuating her personality into the sympathies of all whom she meets—city editors, society women, alleged criminals, authors, and dramatists—until she figures in a mesh of interrelated incident. Realism, in the best sense of that word, is not the story's strong point; the newspaper life of the city suffering less, however, than the unhappy ranchmen of Dakota, to whom we are introduced when May Iverson takes a flying journey West to report a famous lecturer. The word "career" is none too strong to find application, for the heroine conquers a preliminary determination to become a nun, writes a successful play, and marries a rich fellow-worker.

On the Staircase. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The characters of Mr. Swinnerton's small circle are inclined to introspection, and he follows their minds and emotions through a realistic set of personal reactions. The central figure has obviously stepped out of George Gissing's gallery, and his tragic career has just that admixture of poetry and sordidness which marks Gissing's work. Adrian Velancourt, a London clerk, makes the fundamental mistake of marrying a girl far beneath himself, unable to sympathize with his tastes and aspirations—the identical sub-theme of "The Unclassed." He struggles vainly against harsh worldly circumstances and the agony of growing domestic estrangement and dies by his own hand with a scrap of Shelley on his lips. In Gissing's own taste for contrast is the parallel picture of another ménage—a household in which an intellectual youth and his sister grow up together, and each rejoices in a successful love affair. The cramped and the free, the harmonious and the discordant, alternate from chapter to chapter, and if the book has no deeper lesson than the avoidance of sentimental haste and self-indulgence, its narrative comes to close grips with life.

The Greatest of These. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The previous books of Mr. Marshall have been novels of family life in the country, the hunting family of the Clintons in South Meadshire bulking prominently in all. Their quiet, Trollopean leisureliness, their interest in character or the incidents that reveal character, have won the writer many friends in spite of a want of really distinguishing qualities. He now turns to a study of clerical life in a small village. The aristocratic rector, the non-conformist minister, and the gossiping and unusual inhabitants give frequent touches of comedy to the story of county balls, clashes between industrial and landed interests, ecclesiastical affairs, and love. The author's delightful children are for once missing.

TOLSTOY AT HOME.

Reminiscences of Tolstoy. By his Son, Count Ilya Tolstoy. Translated by George Calderon. New York: The Century Co. $2.50 net.

In this volume of scattered memories, ranging from trivial accounts of servants in the Tolstoy household to intimate revelations of confidential talk and correspondence between father and son, Count Ilya Tolstoy shows somewhat of his father's skill in the presentation of familiar, every-day life. His tone is admirable; with a filial piety carefully restrained in expression he blends reverence for his father's genius and a recognition of his faults and foibles. Tolstoy, for example, in his youth and middle life showed an aristocratic pride of birth sharply contrasting with the doctrine of humility that he later developed:

When our neighbor . . . Bíbikof and his son Nikólenka were asked to our Christmas tree, we used to take note of everything that Nikólenka did that wasn't "the thing," and afterwards used "Nikólenka Bíbikof" as a term of abuse among ourselves, considering that there was nobody in the world so stupid and contemptible as he was. And we regarded Nikólenka in this light because we could see that papa regarded his father in the same way. (P. 308.)

From the rambling narrative one derives the impression of a personality lovable as well as commanding. Tolstoy's sense of humor was more prominent in his daily life than in his writings. With his children he was a genial playfellow. At a Christmas party he acted the part of the bear, and he invented an excellent new game of "Numidian cavalry":

We would all be sitting . . . rather flat and quiet after the departure of some dull visitors. Up would jump my father from his chair, lifting one hand in the air, and run at full speed round the table at a hopping gallop. We all flew after him, hopping and waving our hands like [*sic*] he did. We would run round the room several times and sit down again panting in our chairs in quite a different frame of mind, gay and lively. The Numidian Cavalry had an excellent effect many and many a time. After that exercise all sorts of quarrels and wrongs were forgotten, and tears dried with marvellous rapidity. (P. 98.)

After this it is somewhat surprising to learn of his austere bearing even in his own family:

All exhibitions of tenderness were entirely foreign to him. I say "tenderness" in contradistinction to "feeling." Feeling he had, and in a very high degree. . . . During all his lifetime I never received any mark of tenderness from him whatever. . . . Nearness and dearness with him was never accompanied by any outward manifestations. It would never have come into my head, for instance, to walk up to my father and kiss him or to stroke his hand. I was partly prevented also by the fact that I always looked up to him with such awe, and his spiritual power, his greatness, prevented me from seeing in him the mere man, the man who was so pitiable and weary at times, the feeble old man who so much needed warmth and rest. (Pp. 377-378.)

Such habitual reserve makes more touching Tolstoy's grief at the death of his favorite daughter, Masha:

He went about, silent and woe-begone, summoning all his strength to battle with his own sorrow; but I never heard him utter a murmur or a complaint, nothing but words of tender emotion. (P. 376.)

The novelist's penetration and the moralist's fervor were shown in his relations with his elder sons. "My father's great power as an educator," Count Ilya Tolstoy tells us, "lay in this: that it was as impossible to conceal anything from him as from one's own conscience. He knew everything, and to deceive him was just like deceiving oneself: it was nearly impossible and quite useless" (p. 314). A few words, spoken at the right time, became an inspiring force in the son's life.

As to the later discord in the Tolstoy household, and the quarrels between Tolstoy's kinsfolk and his disciples, Count Ilya Tolstoy is wisely reticent. Only a few hints allude to the whole story, and these hints are generally softened by the omission of names. One passage is characteristic:

My father had good reason for saying that the "Tolstoyites" were to him the most incomprehensible sect and the furthest removed from his way of thinking that he had ever come across. "I shall soon be dead," he sadly predicted, "and people will say that Tolstoy taught men to plow and reap and make boots; while the chief thing that I have been trying so hard to say all my life, the thing I believe in, the most important of all, they will forget." (P. 302.)

The volume is finely printed and is illustrated with excellent photogravures. One wonders how the repeated error, *Syntáyef* (for Syutáyef, as on p. 269), escaped the attention of the translator in reading proof.

THE ART OF HERALDRY.

Heraldry in Scotland, including a Recension of "The Law and Practice of Heraldry in Scotland," by the late George Seton, Advocate. By J. H. Stevenson, Advocate, Unicorn Pursuivant. Two vols. Glasgow: J. MacLehose; New York: The Macmillan Co. $25 net.

The late John Woodward, LL.D., in the introduction to his "Treatise on Ecclesiastical Heraldry" somewhat bitterly exclaims: "Manuals of, and introductions to, heraldry have been sufficiently abundant. For the most part, compilations from their predecessors, and showing very little original investigation or research, the *crambe repetita* has been dished up *ad nauseam:* but more ad-

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vanced treatises . . . dealing more fully with particular branches of the subject have been few and far between." Indeed, so few and far between have they been that not since Woodward's own last work in 1896 have we had, in English, a treatise at all comparable in scholarly importance to the recently published "Heraldry in Scotland," by Mr. J. H. Stevenson, Advocate and Unicorn Pursuivant.

The field of Scottish heraldry is a peculiarly interesting one, and one very little known to foreigners, who, with the seventeenth and eighteenth-century folios of Mackenzie and Nisbet rarely available, assume, thanks to the prevalence of haphazard English manuals, that the practice in Scotland must perforce be the same as in the sister kingdom. As a matter of fact, Scottish heraldry in general has, since its inception, been regulated more punctiliously and, perhaps, more intelligently than has that of any other country in Europe. Conserving even to-day the finely practical spirit of the earliest shields, it seems in its designs rarely to have forgotten the great underlying principle of mediæval heraldry—*arma sunt distinguendi causa;* and holding fast to the early methods of differencing the arms of cadets, it has escaped most of the indistinguishable trivialities which Menestrier would group among his *sottises anglaises.* If less beautiful than the heraldry of the French, it has, because of stricter oversight, been freer from spurious interpolations; if less spirited than that of the Germans, it is also less tastelessly flamboyant. Furthermore, during the period of degradation in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, it escaped most of the horrors of "landscape heraldry"—to the influence of which period we in America owe most of our ridiculous State seals. Dugdale, writing in 1681, complains of certain English practices: "Another matter . . . also to be reformed, is the manner of *differings,* which are by the younger Brothers and their posterities laid upon their marks, being *cressants, mollets,* etc., and that such little ones, as that a man cannot discern them a very small distance from him." The English theory of differencing, which still persists, is both so absurd and so impractical that it has been, in shields of minor importance, well-nigh ignored; until now the average English coat, instead of being distinctive of an individual, is something more in the nature of a clan totem. With the Scottish system of differencing the arms of cadets by a change of tincture, by the insertion of an ordinary or a common charge, by the variation of partition lines, etc., the shields (although in course of time they lose the fine simplicity of the original and often sacrifice that homogeneity of design so characteristic of the best mediæval heraldry) are far more interesting to the herald and far clearer to the genealogist than are those of any other current use.

The only completely illogical development (and it has escaped many) peculiar to Scottish heraldry is the invention and prescription, in the case of arms with supporters, of the "compartment." With the military abandonment of figured shields, the passing of the tournament and of heraldic costume, the transition from what one may call "field heraldry" to "closet heraldry" was rapid. Eventually, a shield with its ornaments and accessories came to be regarded, apart from heraldry as architectural ornament, as primarily an affair of painted or engraved design on a small scale. The heraldic officials, dealing now almost exclusively with small drawings, developed a passion for regulating minor details of draughtsmanship which either would not have appeared in field heraldry or would have been serenely ignored by a mediæval herald as unimportant. It is natural for an artist in drawing an achievement with supporters to place the animals—mythological, zoölogical, or human—on some more or less decorative base, even if on the form of "gas bracket" to which Woodward so violently objects. But it remained for a Scot to seize upon this base, hitherto a mere rhetorical detail of ornament wholly unrelated to anything essentially heraldic, as a matter for strict regulation. But with the increasingly rapid return of modern heraldry to the sounder principles of the early field heraldry, it is not too much to expect that even the Lyon Court will ere long abandon its pet peculiarity.

The late Mr. Seton's work, "The Law and Practice of Heraldry in Scotland" (1863), marked, as Mr. Stevenson says, an era in the literature of the subject. Coming twelve years after Planché's radical little book, "The Pursuivant of Arms," it marked for Scotland, as did the latter for England, the final abandonment, early heralded by Dalloway, of what Planché calls the "astrology of heraldry," and the application of modern methods of critical research, based upon "original sources" of archæological value, rather than upon the inner consciousness of inspired coach-painters and stationers' hacks. In heraldry by far the most important "original sources" are early heraldic seals; and the rapid development of the study of sigillography during the last half century and the publication of hundreds of photographic facsimiles and thousands of descriptions of crusading and later armorial seals have finally put at the disposal of the student a wealth of data practically inaccessible to the early heraldists. Mr. Seton was among the first to avail himself of this new material. Mr. Stevenson follows him with, however, the tremendous advantage of the intervening publication of Mr. W. de Gray Birch's great work on the British Museum Catalogue of Seals, the completion of Henry Laing's "Descriptive Catalogue of Scottish Seals," and, in 1904, Mr. W. B. Macdonald's invaluable "Scottish Armorial Seals." This is but a small part of the new sources from which Mr. Stevenson has drawn with complete tact and soundness of judgment. His own temper is agreeably judicial: he is unwilling to go all the way with Planché in the latter's complete reaction from the symbolical absurdities of the writers of the seventeenth century; and, unlike Dr. Woodward, his compatriot, he is not restlessly indignant over modern official blunders in both taste and scholarship. He is equable, open-minded, painstaking, and tolerant, an admirable equipment for an heraldic official. As an official, too, he has had the freest access to the records of the Lyon Court, and his work may, therefore, confidently be regarded as "authoritative" and, in its own field, well-nigh definitive.

The field, of course, is a very special and comparatively small one, and the title of Mr. Stevenson's book in this respect is so general as to be misleading. It is unfortunate that, through fear of confusing the two works, Mr. Seton's title was not retained, for it far more accurately describes the restricted aim of each volume alike. But the student of heraldry soon learns to discount mere titles. Mr. Stevenson himself occasionally does this in his citations, to the complete confusion of the unwary. For example, he refers (p. 204) to Woodward's "Heraldry, British and Foreign," (p. 251) to "British and Foreign Heraldry," and (p. 308) to "Heraldry." A reader unfamiliar with the literature of the subject might well fancy that different works were cited.

Many other titles are quoted with the same freedom and variety. And Mr. Stevenson loves, for no valuable reason, to revise the spelling and the punctuation of the authors from whom he quotes in a way that would drive a bibliographer distracted. In the first three lines (p. 309) of what purports to be a quotation from Dugdale there are six variations in proof-reading from the original text. In another passage (p. 339) Dugdale suffers, either through Mr. Stevenson or Banks's edition of 1812, at least thirty-four typographical emendations. Edmondson and others also undergo similar treatment. It is fair to state that in no case is the meaning or essential tenor of the text changed: but even so, as the variations are based upon no consistent principle and are apparently fortuitous, they give an effect of slovenliness at variance with Mr. Stevenson's fundamentally sound scholarship. As a lawyer he should realize the value of complete textual accuracy, even if he cannot, as a bibliographer, feel its charm. An errata-slip, if published, would note that on p. 31 the last footnote is wrongly numbered; that on the covering slip to plate vii the last two descriptions should be transposed; that on p. 235, note 7, the reference to the B. M. Catalogue of Seals should be 16,175 instead of as given; that on p. 300, while the text refers to a double tressure, the illustrations unfortunately give a single, etc. And while we are on minor matters, any one familiar with French book-plates of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries will dispute the statement on p. 150 concerning "shields accolee" that "Very few instances of this arrangement are to be met with either in French or Scottish heraldry."

The book as a whole every student of heraldry will gratefully welcome. The illustrations are, in general, of high value, and the two volumes are beautifully printed.

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Notes

Houghton Mifflin Company announces the publication of "The French Revolution in San Domingo," by T. Lothrop Stoddard.

"Little Sir Galahad," by Phœbe Gray, will be published on November 28 by Small, Maynard & Co.

Frederick A. Stokes Company announces the following volumes for publication in December: "Lectures on Politics," by Heinrich von Treitschke; "Treitschke and the Great War," by Joseph McCabe; "Woman and War," by Olive Schreiner; "What Women Want," by Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale.

"Foster's Complete Hoyle" (Stokes) is a revision of the book of five years ago, brought down to date. The chief addition is the dissertation on auction bridge, which was just coming into vogue at the time of the previous edition; and Mr. Foster's comments upon the game and the play are sound. The book treats of all known card games and gives the rules, while billiards, pool, bowling, chess, and checkers are also included.

In "Hungary: A Land of Shepherd Kings," the opening article of the *National Geographic Magazine* for October, Mr. C. Townley-Fullam gives a sketch of the history of the country and the distinctive characteristics of the Magyars. They are a musical, passionate, chivalric, and lovable people, mostly agriculturist, with a mine of rich folk-lore. The ninety-two illustrations give a vivid impression of the people and their surroundings, especially of their extraordinary costumes. Prof. Roland G. Usher, in his "Oldest Nation of Europe," sets forth distinctly and impressively the geographic and economic forces which have built up England, forces very different, as he shows, from those which have produced the other European nations.

The visit of Canon Hannay (G. A. Birmingham) to America in connection with the production of "General John Regan" has borne its natural fruit in a book of "impressions," entitled "From Dublin to Chicago: Some Notes on a Tour in America" (Doran; $1.50 net). American visitors in England also have impressions, but somehow they do not set about recording them quite so much as a matter of course. England is a *terra cognita*, while we of "the States" are still being discovered, with indulgent grins. The jest of our being always at the visiting Briton to tell us what he thinks of us, is at least matched by the jest of his readiness to tell us. Canon Hannay, being an Irishman, has not an indulgent grin for us, but a friendly, if sly, smile. The book is written in that spirit of amiable trifling which has ruled the English letters of the past two decades. It makes a point of being casual and chatty and merely amusing. It so fears suspicion of the attempt to say the last word about American manners or railways or women, that it hardly tries to say the first. The result is a pleasant, wandering, often witty, and sometimes merely garrulous, series of jottings and reflections apropos of some weeks in America. This, no doubt, is all that a record based upon such slight experience ought to be. America, Canon Hannay finds, is a country of boundless hospitality and a country pervaded by agreeable newspaper men. American sleeping-cars are barbarous. "I do object to undressing in the corridor of a Pullman sleeping-car, and I cannot, not being a professional acrobat, undress in my berth." (It was an alleged fellow-countryman, Mr. Dooley, who questioned the practicability of taking off one's clothes while sitting on them.) The taking of tips in America is a paradox, since to take a tip is to be paid for servility. The American woman is singularly *charming, capable, and well dressed.* American sheets are short, American colleges democratic—such is the commonplace material of which this book is made; but it is by the author of "Spanish Gold" and "The Search Party," and is made delightful, for the moment, by his characteristic humor.

"The Secret of Louis-Philippe," by Maria Stella, Lady Newborough (McBride, Nast; $2.75), is an autobiography, and imparts to the confiding reader that the bourgeois King was the son of an Italian jail-keeper and his wife, changed at birth for the girl baby of Philippe Egalité, who needed male issue to inherit the vast estates of his family, let alone the throne of France. Lady Newborough's story can hardly fail to remind the reader of Stevenson's immortal "Tale of the Fair Cuban." When her putative father presented to her the elderly English nobleman who was to become her husband, "I violently thrust back my insupportable persecutor, looking at him with blazing eyes; I abused him, passionately declaring that I would rather endure any plague than the union he offered me; that death itself," etc., etc. But she married him in the next chapter, and after his death she married Baron de Sternberg, and neither gentleman had a quiet life. And in spite of the transparent truth of her story, which lacked only a link here and there, Louis Philippe continued to rule the French, though all men could see that he was the living image of the jailer of Modigliana.

"Other People's Money," by Louis D. Brandeis (Stokes; $1 net), is a collection of essays dealing with the topics discussed by the Pujo committee at the time when the investigation of the Money Trust absorbed the front pages of the newspapers. There will be a good deal that is familiar to readers of newspapers and magazines, who have been made to realize the evils of interlocking directorates, the curse of big business, and the so-called "financial oligarchy." Under the title, "What Publicity Can Do," Mr. Brandeis makes a forceful plea for publicity in aid of fair dealing. Any excessive fee paid to a banker for marketing securities the author calls "water," which he contends can be prevented only by requiring a "full disclosure to the investor of the amount of profits and commissions paid." If this should be done, Mr. Brandeis declares the form of unjustly acquired wealth known as "excessive commissions" would cease. Some of Mr. Brandeis's characterizations seem sweeping and would probably be difficult of proof. But the recital is interesting, as most of the author's productions are. The essays are written in a breezy, popular style, and will be certain to attract readers not only of the class who are interested in anything which hits Wall Street, but also the more thoughtful students of finance, who realize the significance of the changes that are taking place in methods of corporate management, and the efforts of Federal and State authorities to safeguard the investment of "other people's money."

From the Wisconsin History Commission comes "An Artilleryman's Diary," being the record of Civil War service in the Sixth Wisconsin Battery of that forceful and interesting personality, the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago. As the author states, this work presents "a small cross-section of the army that freed the slave and saved the Union," but as such it has genuine value, particularly in view of the author's subsequent career. Such individual narratives must furnish the background for that great historical interpretation of the war for which we are still waiting, and in the years to come they will convey to future generations better than anything else the real spirit of the men who carried their righteous cause to triumph in 1865. Mr. Jones was one of many who sacrificed a university course to serve his country just when, "in the dim haze of the farmer-boy's horoscope, the university outline was shaping itself." "In choosing his country's cause he was relinquishing forever the hope of the education of which he dreamed. But, forty-seven years after the campus was 'dimmed by his tears,' the University of Wisconsin invested this private of the Sixth Wisconsin Battery with the degree of LL.D." Much of the diary tells, of course, of uneventful daily routine; but there are many striking passages, as, for instance, the story of life in the trenches during the siege of Vicksburg, particularly interesting reading just at this time when hundreds of thousands are living in trenches in Europe. Fortunately for the Sixth Battery, it did not participate in many battles, but had plenty of experience in campaigning, none the less. An interesting illustration is one comprising three pictures of Mr. Jones during his service as a soldier, taken in 1862, 1863, and 1864, which vividly bring out the transformation of the boy into the man.

Nearly fifteen years ago Joseph Bédier, the successor of Gaston Paris at the Collège de France, turned into graceful French prose the twelfth century romance of Tristan and Iseult. His version was woven of many strands. Instead of following closely the more nearly complete and courtly form of the story that comes to us from Gottfried von Strassburg, he chose to base his rendering on the apparently more primitive account contained in the fragments of Béroul, completing it, so far as possible, in the manner of Béroul himself, with episodes taken from Thomas and his imitator Gottfried, and from other sources. This charming *tour de force* has now been worthily rendered into English by Hilaire Belloc (Dodd, Mead; $1 net). The translation, by leaving out bits of conversation here and there and a chapter or two near the close, has gained in swiftness, and, though it follows the simplicity of diction and sentence structure which characterizes the original, it is not spoiled by the factitious ornament of archaism. Those who care to read this earliest and most enduring of modern love stories can get it from no better source than this. As for the translation of proper names into English, it can hardly be said that the happiest equivalents are found in Ivan for Ivain and Toot-hold (*sic*), the name of Tristan's favorite hound.

Only exceptional qualifications on the part of the translator could justify a new version of "Beowulf." We already have, among others, Gummere, Clarke Hall, Child, and Tinker; all sound, and each, in ways of its own, excellent. A better rendering than any of these is

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no doubt possible, but little in this kind could be looked for except from one who added to a poetic faculty in nice adjustment with Old English idiom the willingness and the ability to utilize the results of modern scholarship. Mr. Ernest J. B. Kirtlan, to judge from his "Story of Beowulf" (Crowell; $1.50 net), had no clear call to this high task. Seldom looking beyond the pages of Wyatt's edition, itself greatly in need of revision, he has, with diligent plying of the glossary, worked out a translation all by himself which would scarcely be creditable as a classroom recitation. Page after page contains flagrant mistranslations, such as "to the naked deck" for "on bearm nacan"; the syntax of a clear and striking passage is completely destroyed by transforming it into "nevertheless the heath-stepper, the strong-horned hart, when pressed by the hounds, seeketh that woodland, when put to flight from afar, ere on the hillside, hiding his head, he gives up his life"; and even when the rendering is verbally correct, there is not a gleam of the literary quality of the original. It is to be hoped that not many will get their first impressions from this thoroughly incompetent translation.

By composing "In Dickens's London" (Scribner's; $2.50), Mr. Hopkinson Smith has gracefully discharged a literary debt. Modestly, yet accurately, he describes it as "not another book about Mr. Dickens, with illustrations by the author, but a book of illustrations, with some explanatory extracts from the Master's text, padded with some experiences of my own." This formula accounts for the chief elements of the book. The title is not quite enough of a blanket to cover chapter v, which digresses to Rochester and Gad's Hill, and which includes three charcoal drawings, two reproductions of dispensable Dickensiana, and one error in the text (a reference to Dartforth, Kent). The real feature of the work is the collection of twenty-two original drawings by the author. These include a half-dozen interiors of the kinds of Inn that the Wellers were best acquainted with, and two of the Inns of Court frequented by Messrs. Perker, Spenlow, Jorkins, and the rest of the legal fraternity. There are four drawings of buildings in which Dickens actually lived or worked, one of the grave in Westminster, several which are distinctly miscellaneous, and four—London Bridge, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Covent Garden Market, and the Thames—which most of all have the atmosphere of London in them. To come across these plates, admirably executed—especially the Bridge, with St. Mary Overies across the river, and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields with the Nelson Monument looming beyond it—is to come almost uncannily close to the tragic lives of such Dickens folk as Nancy and Little Em'ly. The text, as a whole, is an amiable interweaving of passages from Dickens which the pictures illustrate, and of Mr. Smith's experiences while making them.

Breathlessly we tour with the author of "A Winter in India" (Dodd, Mead; $1.75 net), and continually we are grateful that he chose the only season possible for such a whirlwind visit, though little that he saw seems to have evaded careful record. Mr. Archibald B. Spens came to his India well prepared, as few British writers do, with a knowledge of its later history, particularly the great Mutiny period. Whether or not this influenced his itinerary, it should be noted that it is not so inclusive as the title of his choice infers. Almost exclusively Mr. Spens devoted his attention to northwestern India, and as far east as the mutiny interest led him. Upon American readers not versed in the story of 1857 the patriotic enthusiasm of Mr. Spens is likely to pall, and a little tedious become the author's ambitious efforts at a vivid re-creation of these stirring historic events. We recommend Mr. Spens to return to India and apply his gift to the writing of a capital novel, particularly of the officialdom under whose tutelage he seems to have travelled; something rewarding should be the result now that Kipling has left the subject fallow for so long. Moreover, a diarial record of travel is more than often in great need of revision. What the author calls his "light impressions," since they cover only half of India, would have been more welcome in a condensed form. Prospective tourists, however, will glean many valuable hints for comfortable travel, and an itinerary of northwest India that is well chosen for a flying visit.

To retell a familiar story with the gusto that goes naturally with a new one is not the gift of every historian, but this quality marks J. M. Robertson's "Elizabethan Literature," one of the recent additions to the Home University Library (Holt; 50 cents net). Some readers will think that he does Spenser scant justice, but his estimates win respect even when one dissents from them. His style pulsates with feeling; occasionally it becomes unduly rhetorical, but it is delightfully readable. The same thing may be said of Edith Sichel's "The Renaissance," which presents that awakening with something of its own freshness, until it turns from the warmth of Italy to the bleaker climes of Germany and England. Even the chapter on the French Renaissance tends to become catalogue-like. But the chapters on Italy are as valuable for their pictures of personalities as for their accounts of movements. The Canon of Westminster mars his well-informed little volume of "Religious Development Between the Old and the New Testaments" by setting forth his opinions upon current religious questions, particularly by his surprising advocacy of a reunion of church and state. He traces carefully and clearly the development of such ideas as the kingdom of God and immortality in Palestine in the two centuries just before the birth of Christ. More genuine romance than many an ostensibly romantic novel can boast is to be found in the pages of Arnold Lunn's "The Exploration of the Alps." Mr. Lunn carries us back to Hannibal, and then unfolds his panorama of daring as it has been exhibited on those heights from that day to this, rounding out the comprehensiveness of his volume with a chapter on The Alps in Literature. More technical, but by no means forbiddingly so, is Dr. Raphael Meldola's "Chemistry," which by explanation and illustration makes clear the main facts of the science as they are now held.

The first ten volumes of a new series, called "The Pocket Books" (Doran; 50 cents each), have appeared. They are handy little publications, for the most part reprints of some of the publisher's better-known issues, and are to be added to monthly. Timeliness is imparted to this initial instalment by three new books suggested by the war: "How the War Began," by J. M. Kennedy; "The Fleets at War," by Archibald Hurd, and "The Campaign of Sedan," by George Hooper. Mr. Kennedy's volume purports to relate the momentous events from the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand, on June 28, to England's declaration of war against Austria on August 13. He precedes this account with a sketch of pertinent diplomatic history from 1903 to 1914. The book is a useful one, but since it gives so much of the important correspondence among the capitals in the weeks just prior to the outbreak of hostilities, the omission of all reference to some of the most significant documents is puzzling. An index would add greatly to its value. The non-military volumes of the group are: Arnold Bennett's "Leonora" and "The Truth About an Author"; G. A. Birmingham's "The Search Party"; Baroness Orczy's "The Noble Rogue"; J. J. Bell's "Courtin' Christina"; Horace Annesley Vachell's "Blinds Down," and J. E. Buckrose's "Because of Jane."

Dr. Ewald Flügel, head of the department of English philology at Leland Stanford, who died on November 15, was born in Leipzig, Germany, on August 4, 1863, and was a student at the Universities of Freiburg and Leipzig, 1882-8. In 1885 he received the degree of Ph.D. from Leipzig. Dr. Flügel had been professor of English philology at Leland Stanford Jr. University since 1892. He was an honorary member of the Akadem. Neuphilologische Verein, Leipzig; the Verein für Neuere Philologie, Dresden, and a member of the American Philological Association, of the Early English Text Society, the Chaucer Society, and the Goethe Gesellschaft, Weimar. Among his publications were "Carlyle's religiöse und sittliche Entwickelung," 1887; "Sidney's Astrophel and Defense of Poesy," 1889, and "Die nordamerikanische Litteratur," 1907. Professor Flügel's death ended his compilation of what was known among philologists as the "great Chaucer lexicon," the plan having been originated by the late Dr. Furnivall. The work, which Professor Flügel had elaborated to include Old and Middle English words generally, had progressed only as far as the letter "H."

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

A quite novel exile is that of the Universities of Louvain and Liège, which have accepted offers of hospitality from Cambridge. Belgian students will be welcomed at the ordinary Cambridge lectures, but the main purpose of the *entente* will be the preservation of the identity of the Belgian universities themselves. They will be provided not only with temporary accommodation for professors and students, but with class-rooms for their lectures. The first foundation to place sets of rooms at the disposal of the Roman Catholic University of Louvain was John Harvard's college, the traditionally Puritan Emanuel. A separate Cambridge committee has been organized to provide facilities for each of the four faculties of theology, science, philosophy, and law.

William Watson was aggrieved when the London *Times* suggested the other day Henry Newbolt, a Westcountryman, as a suitable person to celebrate in verse the heroic deeds of the Yorkshire Regiment. In his letter of protest, he admitted that Mr. Newbolt has written magnificently in honor of British naval heroes, but "I have yet to learn," he added, "that he has ever chosen to enhance with the lustre of his pen the fame of the British soldier." The lacking information

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was supplied the next morning, when "A Roving Briton" gave a list of such poems, and supplemented it with a wholesome little bit of literary criticism. "I have never yet read 'The Grenadier's Good-bye' without tears of pride, and I dare not read 'John Nicholson' late at night—it stirs me so that I lie awake for hours. With all his magical use of words, Mr. Watson never brings the lump in your throat. The other man does, I suppose because he is simpler and more unconsciously sincere."

All the artists on the staff of *Punch* have undertaken to contribute signed and framed examples of their work in aid of the artists' contribution to the National Relief Fund. The suggestion was quickly and generously taken up. Among the contributors to the exhibition, open for a few days in Duke Street, St. James's, are twenty-six members of the Royal Academy; eight of the Royal Scottish Academy; thirty-two of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours; forty-five of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters; thirty-two of the Royal Water-Colour Society; forty-six of the Royal Society of British Artists; fifty-six of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers; thirteen of the International Society, and thirteen of the New English Art Club. The pictures are 600 in number, and an ingenious method has been devised for raising money upon them. The first 400 subscribers of 5 guineas will each receive a painting in oil or water-color, or a piece of sculpture; and the first 200 subscribers of 2 guineas will each obtain a drawing or a print. In this latter class are signed proofs of etchings, mezzotints, and lithographs, by well-known artists. Only 600 subscription tickets will be issued. The works will be drawn by lot, and there will be no blanks. Should the scheme fully succeed, and it promises well, £2,520 will be handed over to the Prince of Wales Fund as the offering of British artists.

Auguste Laugel, who has died in Paris at the age of eighty-four, was an early contributor to the *Nation* and remained so forty years. Older readers cannot have forgotten his letters on books of history as they appeared in France. He was born in Strassburg and was of Alsatian family. He prepared for a scientific career by studies at the Ecole Polytechnique and School of Mines in Paris; but he soon drifted into journalism of a high character. Over the signature "A. Vernier" he was charged with the scientific chronicle of the Paris *Temps*, and he wrote under his own name in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He was personally devoted to the Orléans princes, and accompanied to the United States those who took service under Gen. McClellan. It was then he formed a close friendship with Wendell P. Garrison, one of the founders and long editor of the *Nation*. On his return to France, he published his book, "Les Etats-Unis pendant la guerre de Sécession." For many years he was secretary of the Duc d'Aumale at Chantilly and there he wrote his works on English political history. He lived to see his children take honored positions in the world. He retained to his death his place as administrator of the great Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway Company. His last writing was in memory of his wife, the companion of his long life, who died a few years ago. He lived to conceive strong hopes that his native Alsace might be restored to France, the country of his choice like that of his compatriots.

Science

SHOCK IN SURGERY.

Anoci-Association. By George W. Crile and William E. Lower. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. Illustrated. $3 net.

This book presents the subject of surgical shock and the means of preventing it, as viewed in the light of Crile's "Kinetic Theory of Shock" and the principle of "Anoci-Association." Dr. Crile's argument is briefly as follows: Every adequate stimulus awakens an ontogenetic or phylogenetic memory, or *association*, and the nerve mechanism evolved by countless similar experiences in the life of the individual or his race makes the appropriate response. To use the authors' example, when a barefoot boy steps on a sharp stone there is an immediate discharge of nervous energy in his effort to escape from injury. This is not a voluntary act, but the result of the experience of his progenitors during the vast periods of time required for the evolution of his species. The stone supplied the phylogenetic association, and the appropriate discharge of nervous energy automatically followed. These *associations*, as in the case of the stone, may be injurious to the individual—*noci-associations;* or they may be, as the sight of appetizing food, of benefit to the individual—*bene-associations*. All of life, therefore, is made up of *bene-* and *noci-associations*, and the efforts of the individual and the race to increase the former and decrease the latter represent an attempt to reach a state of *anoci-association*. Thus the nocuous effects of cold, rain, and storm are met by shelter, clothing, and fire; against other coarser environmental influences there have been evolved in man adaptive mechanisms excited to activity by *noci-receptors* richly implanted in the skin, while against other unseen nocuous elements, as the disease-producing bacteria, the body has developed chemical defences—antitoxins, febrile reaction, phagocytosis. Thus an umbrella in a rain storm, a man "swatting" a fly, and antitoxin in diphtheria are all attempts to produce *anoci* conditions.

It is difficult to follow the mixture of hypothesis, theory, and fact which the authors employ in an attempt to bring their kinetic theory of shock into relation with their theory of *noci-association*. Again the argument goes back to prehistoric man. In the beginning, man, like the animals, had two principal means of defence against the dangers (*noci*) which surrounded him—he fought or he ran away. It is, therefore, in moments of danger, the motor mechanism, through its phylogenetic association with injury to the individual, that is responsible for discharges of energy. These discharges, when intense or protracted, produce the extreme conditions called "exhaustion" and "shock." In other words, shock is the result of the "excessive conversion of potential into kinetic energy in response to adequate stimuli." If the response to stimuli takes the form of obvious work performed, as running or fighting, the phenomena expressing the depletion of the vital force represent *physical exhaustion;* if no obvious work is performed, especially if the stimuli are strong and the expenditure of energy rapid, the condition is designated as "shock."

Exhaustion or shock, as the case may be, may be produced by fear and worry, physical injury, infection, hemorrhage, excessive muscular exertion, starvation, insomnia, and as both exhaustion and shock are accompanied, as the writers assert, by changes in the cells of the brain, the adrenal glands, and the liver, it is these cells which they consider as the seats of the essential lesion of shock—lesion due to the conversion of potential energy into kinetic energy at the expense of certain chemical compounds stored in these cells.

In support of the various hypotheses which the authors have loosely grouped together to form their theory, numerous experimental investigations are cited, but these, although of great value as a contribution to the pathology of shock, offer no convincing proof of the adequacy of the kinetic theory as scientific explanation of shock. However, from the purely practical point of view, Dr. Crile has done a great service for surgery by focusing the attention of surgeons on the fact that "the exclusion of both traumatic and emotional stimuli will wholly prevent the shock of surgical operations." This had previously been generally recognized by surgeons, but the crystallization of the idea through the word "anoci-association" has given to the methods of preventing shock a significance in surgery which is quite analogous to the meaning conveyed by the words "anæsthesia" and "asepsis." It is to these practical methods of preventing shock—so technical as to be of interest only to the surgeon—that the greater part (three-fifths) of the book is devoted. It matters little whether the theory of *anoci-association* stands or falls; it has served its purpose by attracting attention to the need of reducing to a minimum the strain of surgical procedures.

Owing to the war in Europe the usual interchange of astronomical announcements between the Harvard Observatory and the Astronomische Centralstelle at Kiel, Germany, is necessarily suspended. Therefore, all cable messages relating to astronomical discoveries are sent direct to Prof. E. C. Pickering, addressed "Observatory, Boston." Announcements received in this way are distributed at once throughout the United States and to foreign countries, so far as practicable. The system and code described in a pamphlet published by the Harvard Observatory in 1906, entitled "Telegraphic Cipher Code," has been in use several years for all dispatches in the United States and between Kiel and Cambridge; and all messages are to be sent in this code.

An entomological book intended altogether for popular reading is "Insect Biographies with Pen and Camera" (Stokes; $2 net), by John J. Ward, F.E.S. Printed in large type, filled with excellent and interesting illustrations, it is written in a style below rather than above the level of the layman.

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Drama

"THE OUTCAST."

The prettiness and genuine talent of Miss Elsie Ferguson are sufficient to convert Mr. H. H. Davies's play "The Outcast" from the slight affair it essentially is into a piece of considerable interest. The tragedy of a mistress's life has not the buoyant tradition on the American stage which it enjoys in France. And even a well-constructed play of this sort is bound to seem exotic here. There must be an actress of no little charm in order to make her part appear at all vital. And even then the sympathy of the audience attaches rather to her *per se* than to the rôle which she fills. Viewed in this light, the performance given by Miss Ferguson at the Lyceum Theatre is one which touches and charms.

Of plot there is little. In a fortuitous way Miriam comes into the life of Geoffrey on the wedding-day of his former fiancée, who has rejected him for a nobleman. Her own despair is nicely mated to his, and from this union of sympathy arises a companionship which means much to both. But it means more to Miriam, who not only loves Geoffrey, but cannot down the secret hope that he may yet marry her. Unfortunately, Geoffrey clings to his first love, a sentiment which is aggravated by his knowledge that Lady Morgan is unhappily married. His disquietude, together with Miriam's growing importunity, at length leads to a break between the two. In this scene Miss Ferguson gave a fine exhibition of quiet but intense despair. In the final act, when it is becoming certain that Geoffrey and Lady Morgan mean to elope, Miriam enters and so affects the noble lady by her stricken condition that the latter at once visualizes the plight of her well-meaning husband, and departs chastened and resolved. Whereupon Geoffrey, who is starting the next day for Buenos Ayres, invites Miriam to go with him and insists that he will marry her. Thus is morality saved a shock, even if in the process the play is brought to a theatric conclusion. Mr. Charles Cherry was well picked for the part of Geoffrey; especially well did he simulate the rôle of the haggard lover. F.

"THE MARRIAGE OF COLUMBINE."

A new dramatic venture, which deserves cordial welcome and which we hope may achieve success, is the Punch and Judy Theatre, on Forty-ninth Street, near Broadway. It is another of the "little" theatres, which may not bring to modern drama the full measure of salvation that their more ardent sponsors hope from them. They are, nevertheless, an encouraging sign of intelligent effort towards a higher level of drama than is habitually provided by the purely commercial manager and represent an appeal to a small but eclectic public. Not all of these little theatres are, in our judgment, a healthful influence—there is inherent in them an obvious peril of exoticism—but they represent a movement in the right direction, and out of the sum of the experiments may be expected to develop some results that are worthy of serious attention.

Certainly the plan and architecture of the Punch and Judy Theatre should prove an inspiration to playwrights and actors. Rectangular in shape and built in the Old English style, it recalls the courtyard theatre of the Elizabethan and pre-Elizabethan drama. The dark timbered ceiling is a concession to modern standards of comfort and to the climate of New York, and the straight-backed but exceedingly comfortable stalls take account of the preference of to-day for witnessing our dramatic entertainments in a sitting posture. The feature of the house is the gallery, partitioned into rows of tiny boxes and reminiscent, in general effect, of the courtyards of old inns and, in detail, of the stage on which those fascinating entertainments of our youth, from which the theatre takes its name, used to be played.

The piece chosen for the opening of this new house is a light comedy by Harold Chapin, called appropriately "The Marriage of Columbine." This first play reveals no particular "purpose" to which the new theatre is to be dedicated, save that of wholesome and intelligent entertainment, and if that is, indeed, all that its promoters aspire to do they have sufficient excuse for their enterprise. It is a trifle of a good deal of charm and not a little constructive skill, and is capably acted by a company headed by Mr. Charles Hopkins, the director of the theatre, and his wife. The story is of the love, unconsecrated by ecclesiastical or civil ceremony, of Scaramouche, a clown of repute, and Columbine. In the first act we find the vagabond family, Scaramouche, Columbine, and their three children, staying in the George Hotel at Dunchester, "an old and respectable town," as the programme informs us, whither they have come for the circus. All is domestic and blissful: Columbine the fondest of mothers, the most devoted of wives; Scaramouche the most affectionate of husbands. Enter then the villain of the piece—an ingenious characterization exceptionally well portrayed by Herbert Yost—in the person of Alfred Scott, a local printer who conducts a small newspaper and has come for an interview with the famous clown. Scaramouche has to go to the circus, and leaves Columbine to be interviewed by Scott in his stead. With journalistic eye for "copy" he concentrates his attention on the domestic life of the family and questions Columbine about her first meeting with Scaramouche. In the course of cross-examination he elicits the fact that "the Scaramouches" have never been properly married—Columbine being innocently unaware even of the desirability of the possession of a marriage certificate. Thereupon Scott, a mean little soul, of the straitest sect of the Pharisees, undertakes to rescue Columbine from her life of sin, and, as a preliminary, introduces to her notice the discomforts of hell fire.

We need not pursue the plot in detail. Columbine, thoroughly frightened, comes to regard herself as a curse to her entire family, and, as a way of escape from sin and its resulting inconveniences, yields to the importunities of Scott, who is amiably prepared to sacrifice himself to provide her with a marriage certificate and so restore her to respectability. In the last act the ceremony has just been performed, and Scott and Columbine have come to some furnished rooms. Columbine is supremely unhappy, but tries to imagine herself consoled by the possession of a marriage certificate and the assurance of Scott that she is now a respectable woman, no longer living a life of sin. Before the curtain goes down, of course, Scaramouche, who has been searching frantically for her, enters and the audience has one moment of horrid uncertainty lest the author may perpetrate a banal ending and discover another marriage certificate all along in the possession of Scaramouche. Happily the fear is groundless; Scaramouche, masterful person, merely tears up the document that Scott shakes under his nose, and takes Columbine home.

There are naturally many inconsistencies and glaring improbabilities in such a story—the innocence of Columbine, for instance, passes all belief—but on these we need not insist overmuch. The play must be accepted as an allegorical phantasy, and as such it is full of charm. The same explanation must be extended to cover inconsistencies of costume. The time of the action is given for us on the programme as the latter part of the last century, and it seems a pity that it was thought necessary to define it even by these rather vague limits. The total effect of the costuming is picturesque, and for this we might readily forgive its periodic vagaries, were a more or less definite date not forced on our attention.

The company, as we have noted, is highly efficient and well rehearsed. In the acting and enunciation of both Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins is revealed the supreme value of a Shakespearean training. Mr. Hopkins's Scaramouche is played with virility and admirable restraint. Columbine is a part of considerable difficulty, requiring the lightest and most delicate touch, and the rôle is excellently suited to the graceful personality of Mrs. Hopkins, who plays it with much charm and sympathy. Mrs. Louise Closser Hale gives a clever interpretation of an eccentric character part, that of Mrs. La Bolaro, an aged ex-bareback rider, with a too impressionable past, and Edward Emery is good as an amiably parasitic friend of the Scaramouche family, Mr. George Salamandro. The minor characters are well played, but a totally false note is struck by Miss Eleanor Carey's exaggerated rendering of the part of Mrs. Jollings, the landlady in the last act. The play is excellently staged. S. W.

Music

TROUBADOURS AND OTHER MUSICIANS.

Essentials in Musical History. By Thomas Tapper and Percy Goetschius. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

The Growth of Music. Part II. By H. C. Colles. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d.

Trouvères and Troubadours. By Pierre Aubry. New York: G. Schirmer.

The Making of Musicians. By T. H. Yorke Trotter. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

A Guide to the Chassevant Method of Musical Education. By Marian P. Gibb. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. $1 net.

Nearly every year brings a new history of music. Some are translations from the German or French, but most of them are by American writers. The latest is by the two well-known educators, Thomas Tapper and Percy Goetschius. It has one fault, which, however, it shares with virtually all the histories of this art. So much that is of interest is to be said of music in its early stages that the authors are tempted to give this period a disproportionate amount of space, with the result that too little is left

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for some of the later stages. Thus, in the present volume, Orlando Lasso gets four pages, Palestrina five, while Grieg, who represents a whole country, is disposed of in seven lines, and Tchaikovsky, admittedly the greatest of the Russians, gets only two lines. Apart from this, the new history deserves the highest praise, especially for lucidity and usefulness. It appeals to music lovers in general who wish to get a bird's-eye view of the evolution of the art which, more than any other, is the absolute creation of the human mind. For students it presents many distinct advantages, one of them being eight pages of examination papers set by nine American schools and colleges, including Harvard, Yale, and Oberlin; another, an admirable chapter of twenty-four pages, giving brief characterizations by Frank Marling, America's leading expert in this branch, of the best books on musical history, biography, singing and singers, instruments, etc. There are chapters on The Present Era, on Music in America, and the volume is made still further attractive by nearly two hundred portraits and other illustrations, besides a large number of musical fragments illustrating various phases in the evolution of the tonal art.

In his second little volume on "The Growth of Music," H. C. Colles considers the age of the sonata. Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven are its heroes, other eminent men of their time being treated only casually. There is a chapter on the meaning of the word sonata, another on the quartet and symphony. The introductory section aims to make clear the difference in style between Bach's Brandenburg concertos and Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony. The lives of the three composers named are told briefly, and there is also an account of opera in Paris and Vienna in the days of Rameau, Gluck, and Mozart. It is a scholarly book, which makes its appeal to serious students. For illustrations, the author relies chiefly on works which may be played on the piano. He also has a good word for the mechanical contrivances for playing music as a great aid in acquiring familiarity with the sonata literature. "They are only pernicious when they are used as a substitute for personal musical effort." "Most of the artistic insincerity of the present day comes from the ability to talk about things without actually hearing their effect."

The first volume by Mr. Colles on "The Growth of Music" had for its sub-title "From the Troubadours to J. S. Bach." We have now before us an invaluable little book devoted entirely to the Troubadours of Southern France and their colleagues, the Trouvères of the North of France. It is a translation—and a good one—by Claude Aveling of the second edition of the monograph of the French scholar, Pierre Aubry, who died in 1910 as the result of a fencing accident. He lived only thirty-six years, yet so important were his contributions to our knowledge of obscure problems relating to mediæval conditions that Dr. Riemann devotes two volumes of his highly condensed "Musiklexikon" to his writings and collections of early tunes. The general reader need not be afraid of his erudition, for he has the happy Gallic faculty of hiding it completely, and his great enthusiasm for the subject proves contagious. An English writer has happily characterized this study as "mediæval music without tears"—for the subjects are most difficult to discuss. Scholars are still waging a world war over them, and he who can, like Aubry, present them lucidly as details in a graphic picture of life and society seven and eight centuries ago deserves all the honor a reviewer can bestow.

In view of the fact that nearly all his predecessors treated the troubadours and trouvères simply as poets, Aubry devotes his volume largely to showing that in most cases they were also musicians. "We do not grudge the troubadours and trouvères their prominent place in the history of literature, but we do claim for them a position no less distinguished and legitimate in the history of music." They did not take themselves as seriously as Wagner or Vincent d'Indy in being musician and poet both, and they were badly hampered by mediæval rhythm, quite at variance with the elasticity of modern times; but they created tunes which were worth while and had an influence on the evolution of the art of music. Some of them are printed in these pages. How their melodies have come down to us is told in the second chapter. The manners and customs of the men who sang them are described in another chapter, devoted to the jongleurs, who took the place of periodicals in bringing news in those days. The various classes of lyrical poetry are described and there is a valuable bibliography.

Mediæval music is not the only kind that is often learned with tears. The author of "The Making of Musicians," citing the boy in *Punch* who declares, "There is only this horrid music that comes between us, mother," admits that the study of this art is not at the present time a joy to the pupil, but rather, in many cases, a wearisome task. He searches for the reasons why the art is so often disliked, and suggests remedies, the principal one being that "We must learn the 'grammar' of music, not apart from, but *through* music itself," just as a child does not learn his language from rules, but from practice. This is not a new thought, but it is one that needs emphasizing. Unlike others who have written on the subject, the author thinks it a mistake to teach children melody without harmony. He also holds that the study of notation should come after, and not before, the feeling for music has been developed. Educators will find in this little book other hints worth pondering in regard to the first teaching of music, as well as the instruction of advanced pupils.

Marian P. Gibb's "Guide to the Chassevant Method of Musical Education" also holds that children should be taught things rather than names. She writes chiefly for those who train children, and with the methods she advocates the best results are obtainable, she thinks, when children are grouped in small classes, not exceeding six or seven in the earliest stages. Triads are introduced as "families" of notes. In this method the study of time, which is taken up apart from pitch, is invested with a picturesque aspect with a view to fascinating the child's mind. The notes are supposed to be birds, which fly from pavilions to trees, each bird having its own rate of speed in flying. There is a good deal of that sort of thing in this book; it may seem fantastic, but the assertion is made that it brings good results.

HENRY T. FINCK.

The dedicating of the new Mozarteum in Salzburg, which was to have been celebrated last August by operatic performances headed by Lilli Lehmann, was postponed for two months, and there was no opera; but Lilli Lehmann was heard, nevertheless. She sang Mozart's "Hallelujah" with overwhelming effect, and received an ovation. An English version of her fascinating autobiography under the title, "My Path Through Life," has just been published by the Putnams.

Finance

THE DECLINE IN "REICHSMARKS."

The decline in the rate of exchange on Germany, which has been in progress since the beginning of war, has reached proportions which attract every one's attention. The rates at present current for "reichsmarks" express a discount of something like 9 per cent. from the "mint par"—a level quite unparalleled in the experience of any one now engaged with foreign exchange.

When war broke out in August, all the exchanges were violently disturbed. It will be remembered that for a few days there was practically no market at all for "sterling." Transactions were made at above $6 for the pound for demand bills, and "cable transfers" were reported as having been made at over $7. But presently, after the first effects of the shock had passed away, the sterling rate settled down to a level between $5.05 and $5.10, and when the "gold pool" was organized it quickly receded to below $5. Later, under the weight of huge masses of grain bills reflecting large shipments of wheat, it declined to below $4.90, which, in view of the abnormal conditions, may be considered a natural figure. At $5.10 the rate expressed a premium over the mint par of something less than 5 per cent.; at $5 the premium was less than 3 per cent., and at present figures the premium has entirely disappeared.

The movements of "francs," though not quite so violent as those of sterling, expressed after the outbreak of war substantial premiums over mint par. Thus exchange on England and on France moved in the same direction. Both these nations are "creditor countries," and both, at the inception of war, had large balances in this country on current account. The natural attempt to draw home these balances caused

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the rise in rates of exchange. In this there is nothing to surprise the observer, for it is precisely what might naturally be expected to happen.

But Germany is also a "creditor country" in the usual acceptation of that term; that is, she has an "income" from capital invested abroad which amounts to a very large sum every year. Why, then, did not "reichsmarks" follow sterling and francs in their violent rise in August? As a matter of fact, not merely was there no rise in "reichsmarks," but a decline at once made itself apparent, and the rate receded below the mint par, which is a figure slightly over 95. In September the rate was below 92, a discount of over 3 per cent., and by the end of October it had fallen to 88, a further decline of over 4 per cent. The present rate is about 87, a total discount on mint par of approximately 9 per cent.

What is the explanation of this remarkable divergence from the tendency shown by exchange on the other two great creditor nations of Europe? One thing is clear, and that is that those who have funds in Germany are apparently willing to accept a very large discount on those funds in order to realize upon them. It may also be inferred with reasonable certainty that Germany had no balances in this country on current account in August. It is possible that the practically complete blockade of Germany's over-sea commerce—not a single German ship cleared from any port in the world during September—may in some measure account for some abnormality in the exchange rate at New York; but with all allowance for this, much remains unexplained. Why did Germany not have some balances on current account with us? And why, with money rates now practically normal in this centre, should holders of credits in Germany be willing to make so enormous a sacrifice to obtain those credits in the shape of New York funds?

It must be remembered that Germany, practically alone among the belligerents, established no formal moratorium in August. Theoretically, it has been "business as usual" with her. But a discount of 10 per cent. in German exchange at New York, with francs and sterling still at par or better, is something which requires a good deal of explanation. Ordinarily, it would reflect suspicion in the minds of somebody that possibly "reichsmarks" might be in process of permanent divorcement from the mint par—in other words, a doubt as to the ultimate certainty of gold payments. It must not be hastily assumed that such is the meaning of the present rate. Germany cannot at the present time, even if she were willing to do so, freely export gold to America. Nevertheless, cable dispatches have in the last few days reported private bids for gold at a substantial premium in Germany, this gold to be shipped out through Holland. This is the natural response to exchange rates such as those now current. In other words, gold is actually at a substantial premium in Germany now, despite the large increase in holdings reported by the Reichsbank every week. It is quite clear that the German Government has put a practical embargo upon gold payments for the present, and probably to this may be attributed the abnormally low rate for "reichsmarks" in this market. Nevertheless, the magnitude of the discount is such as to suggest, at least, that something more than a merely temporary suspension of gold payments is feared by some people.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Aiken, E. The River. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.
Altsheler, J. A. The Sword of Antietam. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Barbour, R. H. The Brother of a Hero. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Burdette, R. J. The Drums of the 47th. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1 net.
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White, W. H. The Man Who Dreamed Right. Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Babylonian Records in the Library of J. P. Morgan. Edited by A. T. Clay. Privately printed.
Bacon, E. M. Rambles Around Old Boston. Boston: Little, Brown. $3.50 net.
Foster's Complete Hoyle: An Encyclopædia of Games. Revised and Enlarged to October, 1914. Stokes. $3 net.
Goebel, Dr. J. Der Kampf um deutsche Kultur in Amerika. Leipzig: Verlag der Dürr'schen Buchhandlung.
Griggs, E. H. Self-Culture through the Vocation. (The Art of Life Series.) B. W. Huebsch. 50 cents net.
Thompson, Vance. The Ego Book. Dutton. $1 net.
Welton, J. What Do We Mean by Education? Macmillan. $1.60 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Carr, H. W. Philosophy of Change. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Fite, Warner. Pragmatism and Science. Pragmatism and Truth. Reprinted from the *Philosophical Review*.
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GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

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Chapman, S. J., and Brassey, Earl. Work & Wages. Vol. III. Longmans, Green.
Elderton, E. M. Eugenics Laboratory Memoirs: Report on the English Birthrate. Part I. London: Dulau & Co. 9s. net.
Herrick, M. T. Rural Credits. Appleton. $2 net.
Kahn, J., & Klein, J. J. Principles and Methods in Commercial Education. Macmillan. $1.40 net.

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Bernhardi, von F. Cavalry. Doran. $1 net.
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Hannay, D. Naval Courts-Martial. Cambridge University Press; Putnam.
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Nansen, F. Russia's Land of the Future. Stokes. $5 net.
Rand, B. Berkeley and Percival. Cambridge University Press; Putnam.
Sauveur, A. Germany and the European War. Boston: The Fort Hill Press. 35 cents.
Von Mach, Edmund. What Germany Wants. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.
Wyman, L. B. C. & A. C. Elizabeth Buffum Chase, 1806-1899. Vols. I and II. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.

TRAVEL.

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Pratt, H. M. Westminster Abbey. Vols. I and II. Duffield.
Print Collector's Booklets: Millet. Corot. Daubigny. Jacque. Lalanne. The Men of 1830. Museum of Fine Arts. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.
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Wheeler, F. R. The Boy with the U. S. Explorers. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.
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Woods, M. L. Come Unto These Yellow Sands. Lane. $2 net.

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